"THE ALAMO"

Batjac Productions
1022 Palm Avenue
Hollywood 46, California

"THE ALAMO"

After the credit titles FADE OUT.

FADE IN:

1 CLOSE ANGLE - HORSE DRAWN ARTILLERY CAISSONS-DAY
The track is filled with sound as the first of the Caissons comes across the screen. More and more artillery continues across the screen. Then a detachment of cavalry and then a solid file of infantry. As these pass Camera we are in:

2 BIG ANGLE - SANTA ANNA AND STAFF
A moving shot as we bring the General and his staff to his command tents. They step down from their horses. Santa Anna walks into foreground. As we move with him we have:

3 THE EFFECT SHOT - SANTA ANNA'S ARMY
More troops, more menace, than ever seen on screen.

DISSOLVE TO:

4 EXT. ALAMO PLAIN - DAY
We are Shooting across a corner of the Alamo when it is in the state of disrepair. Beyond the Alamo we see Houston and perhaps fifty horsemen come over the hill at a canter. They are dressed in improvised uniforms. We PAN with them as they come down onto the plain toward the town of Bexar. As we center on Bexar we can see that a column of infantry is already entering Bexar. Houston's outfit rapidly catches up with the infantry and starts to enter Bexar.

DISSOLVE TO:

5 EXT. BEXAR STREET - ANGLE ON SAN ANTONIO HOTEL
As Houston and his men dismount. A few aides enter the hotel with Houston. TRAVIS comes from where he was leading the infantry column and follows Houston. As they enter we see that a man is painting "HEADQUARTERS" on the wall of the doorway.

6 INT. HEADQUARTERS ROOM
As Houston enters, there are a few Texicans in the room. Some of these men should positively be identifiable as Mexican by race. A volunteer officer named NEIL shakes hands with Houston.

NEIL
General Sam.

As they are shaking hands DICKINSON comes in from behind them.

DICKINSON
Your pardon, General Houston. May I order the men to bivouacs? These two forced marches have taken it out of them and --

HOUSTON
Travis -- your men may dismiss. Feed the others and care for their horses -- and tell them there'll be another forced march within the hour.

NEIL
You're moving, General?

HOUSTON
I am. Where's Bowie?

There is a silence. He looks at the others. While this goes on an orderly comes in with a tray which he puts on a desk.

ORDERLY
General sir -- you ain't et since --

CONTINUED:

6 CONTINUED:

HOUSTON (snarling)
Where's Jim Bowie?

Neil faces the issue.

NEIL
Jims -- well, he's indisposed, General.

ORDERLY
General -- not sinct day 'for yestiday --

Houston walks over to the tray, still glaring at the assembly.

HOUSTON
Indisposed! -- By God, sir, if you mean drunk, say drunk.

NEIL
Drunk, sir.

The Orderly has a chair cocked for Houston but Houston grabs a handful of meat and bread and munches it standing.

HOUSTON
Neil, you're coming north with me. Colonel Travis will take command here.

He munches mightily while the others all look at each other and then at Travis. Travis straightens.

TRAVIS
Sir, let me assure --

HOUSTON
Save it. Men, I've been given charge of the armies of Texas. The fly in the buttermilk is that there ain't no armies in Texas. There's just some willing men. I've got to knock some of those men into an army. And to do that I need time. You people here along the Rio Grande will have to buy me that time. You'll have to keep Santa Anna's army off the back of my neck until I can get in shape to fight him.

6 CONTINUED: (1)

He takes a huge bite.

TRAVIS
Sir, are you ordering that I should --

HOUSTON
Dammit, I'm ordering that you should command. How and why is your problem.

NEIL
Sam, what about Jim Bowie?

HOUSTON
Jim's -- indisposed, as you said.

NEIL
I want to point out that Jim is leading a hundred volunteers. Travis commands less than thirty regulars.

TRAVIS
Twenty seven. And, General Houston, I think this matter should be --

Houston would have spoken before but he was busy swallowing.

HOUSTON
Clear the room, gentlemen. I want a word with Travis.

He chews while they exit. Then he crosses to kick the door shut behind them. Then he faces Travis.

HOUSTON
You were going to complain about Bowie.

TRAVIS
Not complain, sir.

CONTINUED:

6 CONTINUED: (2)

HOUSTON
Of course Jim's drunk. He took this town from General Coz. He fought a battle and now he's drunk. Kind of natural. Or maybe you were going to say you had doubts about other than his drinking. You were going to say Bowie owns a lot of land around here. That he's married into the Mexican aristocracy.

TRAVIS
Yes, sir.

Houston takes time lighting a cigar. Then he looks long and squarely at Travis.

HOUSTON
Travis -- I would trust Jim Bowie with my life -- More than that, I would trust him with the lives of my family.

TRAVIS
Sir ---

The motion of Houston's cigar stops Travis.

HOUSTON
And even more than the family I hold dear, I would trust Jim Bowie with the life of Texas -- that's all, Travis.

He walks over to the door. Travis stands. Houston starts out, then turns and walks back to Travis.

HOUSTON
Travis, I've never been able to like you -- but you're another one of the very few men I would trust with the life of Texas.

CONTINUED:

6 CONTINUED: (3)

TRAVIS (moved)
Thank you, sir -- Thank you very much.

HOUSTON
And it could be possible that that life rests in your hands now.

He turns and exits.

7 thru 14 Omit

15 EXT. STREET
As Houston and Travis come out. Houston crosses to his horse. The other men start to mount, when Houston looks off and sees an aged negro in the group at the foot of the stairs.

HOUSTON
Well, Jethro -- how come you ain't dead yet? You had a white head when I was a little boy, and now we look the same age.

JETHRO beams.

JETHRO
Yes, sir -- but I been a temperate. God-fearing man all my life.

The other men look at Houston, and when Houston bursts out laughing, the others follow suit.

HOUSTON
I guess my past is out. Jethro, you tell your Mister Jim that I'm sorry he was taken sick -- that I wish for his speedy recovery, and assure him of my undying affection.

CONTINUED:

15 CONTINUED:

JETHRO
General Sam, sir -- he love you, too -- and them words of yours going to put him right on his feet. He got a colic, you know -- in his stomach.

HOUSTON
I heard. Well, keep temperate, old man. Good day, gentlemen.

He tickles the horse with the spurs and all move off, leaving Travis and Dickinson and their men looking after them. Jethro looks after them a moment, then trots across the courtyard. He goes up a flight of steps.

16 EXT. GALLERY
As Jethro comes to a door and looks in, then enters.

17 ANOTHER ANGLE - JETHRO
We are looking PAST Jethro into the room. JIM BOWIE lies face down on a bed. A demijohn is near the door. Jethro seats himself.

18 ANOTHER ANGLE - BOWIE AND JETHRO
Bowie starts to rise. Jethro gets up.

BOWIE
Sit still, Jeth.

He stretches and groans.

JETHRO
Get you something, Mister Jim?

BOWIE
No - no -- sit still. Houston's gone?

JETHRO
Yes, sir.

BOWIE
Come and gone, and me lying drunk.

Bowie starts to pull on his boots.

JETHRO
Well, your stomach, Mister Jim -- and the ague and whatnot -- it'n a man's sick --

BOWIE
You know I've never been sick a day in my life.

JETHRO
More kinds of sickness than bellyache -- heartache, too. I'm kind of glad I'm so awful old, Mister Jim, you know that?

18 CONTINUED

BOWIE
Why, Jeth?

Bowie crosses to the jug near the door.

JETHRO
Because it seems like there's things I'll be glad to be gone from -- things a man's got to face these days. This fair land all torn by war -- Your family far away - not b'n able to see 'em - be with 'em.

Bowie hesitates, starts to pour from jug.

JETHRO
Why, Mr. Jim - whatever are ya doin'?

BOWIE
No help for me to be drunk.

JETHRO
Don't torture yourself no more. Please, Mr. Jim.

SOUND of horses. Bowie steps through the door. (Jug in hand.)

19 EXT. STREET - ANGLE ON TRAVIS, ETC.
Travis, Dickinson, Dr. Sutherland and Bonham come riding down the street. We PAN them to Bowie and Jethro. Travis pulls up, as do the others.

TRAVIS
Colonel Bowie.

The others start to ad-lib "good days."

DICKINSON
Day, Jim.

TRAVIS
General Houston was concerned about your absence -- and your - illness.

19 CONTINUED

BOWIE
I'm sorry about that, Major.

TRAVIS
Colonel. The General was kind enough to endorse my rank... And I suppose you're aware that he did me the honor of putting me in command.

Bowie looks at him -- the others are embarrassed.

BOWIE
Now that you tell me, I am.

TRAVIS
You will bring your men into the ruined Mission tomorrow morning.

BOWIE
I won't deny that this isn't hard for me to say - Yes, sir.

Bowie leaves. There is a look between the others to see what Travis will say. Travis moves his horse back to them.

TRAVIS
Lieutenant Bonham -- carry out your orders.

BONHAM
Yes, sir.

TRAVIS
And good luck, Jim.

Bonham kicks his horse out of scene.

DISSOLVE

20 EXT. ALAMO - DAY
As Bowie's men ride into the Alamo.

21 EXT. ALAMO COMPOUND
As Bowie and his men ride in, Travis' infantry is drawn up in preparation to raising a flag. Dickinson commands.

22 ANGLE ON TRAVIS - ON TOP OF THE CHURCH
A Sentry calls up.

SENTRY
Colonel Travis, Bowie's brung his men in.

TRAVIS
COLONEL Bowie.

SENTRY
Yes, sir. Colonel Bowie.

Travis starts down.

23 EXT. ALAMO COMPOUND
As Travis comes down the stairs and crosses to the flagpole. Bowie's men, now dismounted, stand beside their horses. They look very much like the irregulars they are. Travis' men, on the other hand, show some training. They are drawn up in fair military order. Travis crosses to the flagpole. Dickinson raises his sword. The bugler sounds off. The flag goes up. Travis salutes. His troops present arms. Bowie's men do nothing much. A few take off their hats. As the flag tops the pole, Travis snaps from his salute. He faces the men.

TRAVIS
We stand here, ready to do our duty, and cognizant of the Will of God.

That holds a moment.

TRAVIS
Captain Dickinson, dismiss the ceremony and start your working parties.

He goes toward the church.

23 CONTINUED

BOWIE
Travis...

TRAVIS
Colonel Bowie.

BOWIE
Santa Anna's got an army of seven thousand.

TRAVIS
So?

BOWIE
You ain't gonna try to defend this broken-down church against seven thousand battle-hard troops -- who've beat every army they've ever faced?

TRAVIS
There will be an Officers' Call later in the day, Colonel Bowie, and at that time I will explain my plans and give orders for the implementing of those plans.

BOWIE
But you can't do it, Travis!

TRAVIS
You were absent from the last Officers' Call -- I hope your health permits your attendance at this one.

He goes. Bowie glares after him. Then he looks with gloomy eyes about the fort, and then up to the flag. We PAN UP to show the flag against fine clouds.

DISSOLVE

24 ANGLE ON CLOUDS
We PAN DOWN to show the SEGUINS riding hard through countryside.

DISSOLVE

25 thru 49 OMIT

49A EXT. ALAMO - DAY
We are SHOOTING at the Bexar face of the Alamo. Work parties are rebuilding the walls, hoisting cannon to ramparts, etc. Bowie is going toward the gate. One of his volunteers speaks up.

IRISH
Say, Jim, how come we got to work like this? I volunteered to fight, not to build no fort. How come we got to work like this?

BOWIE
Because old General Sam told Travis and Travis told me and I'm telling you.

50 OMIT
51 "
52 "
53 "

54 ANGLE - ON SENTRY
He is high on the wall of the Alamo, looking off toward Bexar. We can see the Seguins coming toward the Alamo. The sentry turns into CAMERA and calls down.

SENTRY
Jim -- Jim Bowie!

Now we see Bowie as he comes from below to stand center stage, looking off toward the advancing riders. He comes down the wall along the sections of the newly constructed wall, and we MOVE WITH HIM, bringing him to:

55 WORK PARTY AREA

As Seguins slide their horses to a stop before the work party. They would walk their horses through the work party and into the Alamo, but Captain Dickinson and a couple of soldiers come out of the lower part of the church. The soldiers move quickly to bar the Seguins' progress.

FIRST SOLDIER
Hold it right there!

Juan Seguin looks puzzled. The son, Silverio, is annoyed.

DICKINSON
No one may enter the fort,
Senor Seguin -- I'm sorry.

CONTINUED

55 CONTINUED:

Bowie jumps down into scene.

BOWIE
Juan -- Silverio -- amigos!

JUAN SEGUIN
Jaime!

SILVERIO
Bueno, Senor Bowie.

BOWIE
Let them through, Dick.

A calm and collected voice comes from behind us.

TRAVIS' VOICE
Captain Dickinson!

As the others look up, the changed angle shows us Travis. He stands on the balcony, adjoining his office, looking down on the others.

DICKINSON
Yes, sir?

TRAVIS
Come to my office, please, Captain.

DICKINSON
Yes, sir.

He goes to the stairs and up past Travis, as Travis looks down on Bowie and the Seguins.

SEGUIN
Good afternoon, Colonel -- My son and I have ---

TRAVIS
Good day, Senor Seguin. Senor, surely you should realize that the fact you are Alcalde of San Antonio de Bexar does not exempt you from military prohibitions. This establishment is closed to all civilians.

55 CONTINUED: (1)

Seguin instantly withdraws into the typical dignified reserve of the offended Mexican. Bowie smoulders.

SEGUIN (stiffly)
I am sorry, Colonel Travis.

56 ANGLE - ON SUSAN DICKINSON
As she steps out on the balcony above, looking down. She is the wife of Captain Dickinson. She and her husband, Dick, are Travis' only close friends and she looks down on the scene, upset that Travis is rude to the Seguins. Seguins voice comes up over to her.

SEGUIN
-- Had I known your restrictions applied to me and my family, sir, I would not have --

57 ANGLE - ON TRAVIS AND SEGUINS
Bowie can't stand this too-mannerly jive when there is a point to get at.

BOWIE (interrupting)
Just a minute, Travis -- The Seguins have news of Santa Anna.

TRAVIS
I don't doubt. We have a dozen rumors a day.

Seguin would terminate the meeting but Bowie growls at Travis.

BOWIE
Listen, Travis --
(he soothes Seguins)
Por favor, Juan.

Only as a favor to Bowie, Seguin conquers his annoyance and speaks calmly.

SEGUIN
Colonel, the Indians of San Blas have sent couriers to the vaqueros of my properties along the Sangre de Christo -- they say that large numbers of soldiers crossed the Baja Diablo two days ago ---

57 CONTINUED:

BOWIE
That puts them much closer than you thought, Travis. Continue Juan -- I am sorry I interrupted --

Through all this Travis maintains an air of bored but polite interest. Seguin is annoyed by Travis' attitude but he continues.

SEGUIN
The Indians guessed the number of troops at over five thousand -- there are also large numbers of mounted soldiers and supply trains -- Also lower down on the Baja Diablo another party of Indians saw signs of large numbers of shod horses crossing at a ford there --

TRAVIS
I am sorry Senor Seguin. Being a civilian you cannot realize how worthless this sort of things is. -- Some Indians told some vaqueros --!
(he laughs)
But anyway, thank you, sir -- and good day.

BOWIE
Travis, you know the Seguins are absolutely reliable --

SEGUIN
If you will excuse me --

TRAVIS
I mean no personal affront, Senor Seguin -- But I cannot make a plan of battle based on third-hand rumors.

Seguin eyes him coldly.

SEGUIN
I do not take personal affront, Colonel Travis, else I should be forced to act other than to simply bid you good day.

57 CONTINUED: (1)

He turns and starts to mount. Bowie glares at Travis. Travis speaks.

TRAVIS
Colonel Bowie, your men are making slow work on the ramparts. I suggest you discipline a few as an example to the rest.

He turns and goes toward his office, Bowie glaring after him.

58 INT. TRAVIS' OFFICE
Dickinson is at the window looking out at the Seguins as they ride back toward Bexar.

DICKINSON
Shod horses -- that means artillery.

Travis comes to stand beside him, looking out at the Seguins departure.

TRAVIS
A true gentleman, Seguin. I disliked being rude to him.

Dickinson has crossed to look at a map.

DICKINSON
Even allowing for a cowboy's exaggeration -- Santa Anna must have crossed the Baja in strength.
(he squints at the map)
I'd say we have two -- or at best -- three days before we see his banners.

CONTINUED:

58 CONTINUED:

Travis is still looking after the Seguins.

TRAVIS
But I had to do it. The men were listening and I can't let this rabble know how weak we are and how strong the enemy is.

He crosses Dickinson on his way to his desk. The last remark causes Dickinson to scowl after him.

DICKINSON
You couldn't do that, eh?

At first Travis doesn't react. Then he looks up and grins amiably.

TRAVIS
No, my honest and truthful and plain-spoken friend, I couldn't. You could, perhaps -- I couldn't --
(he indicates a paper and closes the matter)
Take a look at this.

Still scowling, Dickinson comes to look at the map.

TRAVIS
This oblique rampart --

He breaks off and reopens the matter he himself closed.

TRAVIS
Have sense, Dick. Why should those men stay if they knew the truth of our situation? Bowie's different, of course. He's got a stake in Texas -- a couple of million acres, I hear. But the others, most of them haven't got --

DICKINSON
You got any dollars or acres?

TRAVIS
I've got an extra suit of clothes -- you know that -- but it's different with me.

58 CONTINUED

DICKINSON (still staring at map)
Why?

TRAVIS
Because I'm different than that rabble down there.

He looks long at Dickinson's bent head. Then:

TRAVIS (continuing)
Or, if you'd like it in more concise English -- I'm better than the rabble -- I hope you feel the same way about yourself.

Now Dickinson puts an end to the subject.

DICKINSON
I suppose we ought to run this lateral out another fifty yards or so.

Travis looks at him a moment, then takes a pencil and draws a line on the map.

TRAVIS
To here.

DISSOLVE

58A ANGLE ON SMITTY AND PARSON - DAY
They are riding through tall grass. They turn their horses toward the brush.

DISSOLVE

59 ANGLE ON BRUSH-CLAD SLOPE (Shahan Ranch)
We are HOLDING on the brush. We can hear the horses coming toward us. As they hit the brush, still hidden from us, bands of dove get up from the brush. Smitty and Parson break through the growth and walk their horses to us, looking out PAST CAMERA. Now for the first time we get a good look at these two. Both stare off, and their expressions tell us they have found what they have been looking for. It's just an expression of satisfaction...they expected to find it and are not ecstatic...Their expressions say: "So that's San Antonio!"

60 P.O.V. ANGLE - THE ALAMO
Tied in, if possible.

61 REVERSE ANGLE - PARSON AND COTTON
Still looking.

COTTON
So that's it!

The older man doesn't answer. No answer is expected. The boy continues to look as the older man steps down and begins to untie a saddle bag. After a moment, the boy looks at him.

COTTON
You're going to pray, sir?

It's more a statement than a question. Parson is a frequent prayer-maker. Parson nods.

COTTON
But why, sir? -- I mean, sir, there wasn't no doubt we'd find her -- the Colonel just wasn't sure which one of these here creeks was the shortest cut -- he ain't been here in nigh fifteen years.

PARSON
You'd better make the signal, boy.

COTTON
Yes, sir.

He extracts his rifle from the saddle and begins to prime it.

COTTON
Powder's wet -- you don't take it wrong I ask you all these questions, sir?

The Parson has taken a Bible from the saddle bag. He smiles at the earnest youngster.

PARSON
No, boy -- that's how you learn; asking.

61 CONTINUED

SMITTY
Yes, sir -- and so many times every day you stop and give thanks -- and mostly I can't catch on to what you're thanking the Lord for -- I mean, there's nothing special.

PARSON
I give thanks for the time and place --

SMITTY
The time and place, sir?

PARSON
A time to live and a place to die --
It's all any man gets. No more, no less. Fire the signal, boy.

Smitty stares at him, puzzled for a moment; then fires the shot as Parson bends to the Book.

62 ANGLE - ON CROCKETT AND PARTY
They are trotting through tall grass. CROCKETT leads the twenty-three Tennesseeans, and their pack horses are strung out behind. As the SHOT echoes over them, Crockett turns his horse toward the shot. Like the rest of the men, Crockett wears the frontier clothing described in the wardrobe plot. His turn is a signal. The rest turn and gig their horses toward a creek in the distance.

DISSOLVE

63 ANGLE - ON CREEK
As Crockett and his men charge along the creek bed, happy that their long journey is over. Now for the first time we see running horses on the big lens. They churn the water of the creek.

64 ANOTHER ANGLE - CROCKETT'S PARTY
Coming along the creek.

65 ANOTHER ANGLE - CROCKETT AND PARTY
As they turn up out of the creek at the same place we saw Parson and Smitty go up. Now they come PAST CAMERA.

66 ANGLE - ON CROCKETT AND PARSON
As the Crockett party burst through the brush and shove their horses out on the knoll beside Cotton and Parson. All stop to stare off at Bexar.

BEEKEEPER
Wal, there she be -- after twenty days travel. What now, Davy?

Cotton has a telescope and is looking toward Bexar.

COTTON
Colonel -- what does Cantina mean?

CROCKETT
It means to get out of these deerskins and into our foo-faw-raw.

He starts to shuck his clothes.

DISSOLVE TO:

67 EXT. THRESHING AREA - DAY
The grain threshing is again in progress when again the kids break off their singing and come down to the edge of the road. This time there is no excitement whatsoever in their attitude. All look up the road, smiling.

68 P.O.V. - CROCKETT AND HIS MEN
They are bedecked in finery as per wardrobe plot. CAMERA MOVES to bring them past the grain threshing kids who are delighted with the parade. The Tennesseans are pleased with the reaction of the audience, juvenile though the audience is. They walk their horses past the kids.

CROCKETT
Buenos dias, muchachos.

AD LIBS
Buenos dias, Senor -- Etc. Etc.

The Tennesseans look at Crockett with beaming respect.

COTTON
The Colonel sure speaks Spanish proud, don't he?

The entourage turns into the next street.

69 ANGLE - ON THE SEGUINS

They are dismounting before one of the buildings adjacent to the hotel. Silverio takes his father's horse to the hitch rack. Juan looks off at the approaching Tennesseans. Beekeeper is walking his horse alongside Crockett.

BEEKEEPER
Davy, sling some Spanish at that fellow --

Crockett stops his horse and ceremoniously raises his hat to Seguin, who returns the salute. The Tennesseans stop and watch Crockett establish relations with the foreigners.

CROCKETT
Buenos dias, Senor.

SEGUIN
Buenos dias, Senor.

CROCKETT
Habla espanol, Senor.

Seguin blinks a bit.

SEGUIN
Pero si, Senor.

Now that the language difficulties are out of the way --

CROCKETT
Where kin we find a decent place to stay -- or anyway half-way decent -- or anyway, a place to stay?

BEEKEEPER
Davy, you sure speak proud Spanish.

SEGUIN (politely in English)
Our accommodations in Bexar are not grandiose, sir -- One may find accommodations here in the hotel. Rooms and food. And also at the Cantina.

69 CONTINUED:

CROCKETT
What's the difference between them?

SEGUIN
The hotel is clean and the food excellent. The Cantina is -- well, not so clean, and the food dubious.
(disapprovingly)
And at the Cantina is much noisy drinking -- and dancing.

CROCKETT
I'll take a vote.

He turns to take a vote from his men; they are slightly ahead of him.

23 TENNESSEANS IN ONE VOICE
(loudly)
CANTINA!

CROCKETT
Guess I'm over-ruled.

All move their horses to the Cantina's hitchrack. Seguin watches them go out of scene.

70 EXT. BEXAR STREET - GROUP SHOT
FAVORING Crockett. Cotton leads his horse up alongside Crocketts. The kid adores Crockett.

COTTON
I'll unsling your war-bags, Colonel Crockett.

CROCKETT
Thanks, Cotton.

He steps down and goes into the Cantina, followed by the others. Seguin walks in to Cotton.

SEGUIN
Is that Colonel Crockett?
Davy Crockett?

70 CONTINUED:

COTTON
Yep.

SEGUIN
Crockett! -- I've heard of him.

This produces an annoyed reaction in the kid. He is sharp.

COTTON
Of course! Everybody's heard of Davy Crockett....

He begins to unload the war-bags; he's proud -- but he remembers his manners.

COTTON (politely)
Me and him's neighbors back in Tennessee, sir. Our places ain't hardly more'n forty mile apart.

SEGUIN
(sensing an ally has arrived)
He is a very great fighter.

COTTON
The greatest. The greatest hunter and the greatest fighter. There's people that talk about this here Mike Fink and this here knife-fighter, this Jim Bowie. But the Colonel --

But before he has finished this peroration, Seguin has made a decision and gone purposefully on his way. The kid looks up to see that he has no audience, and heaves down the war-bags and starts into the Cantina.

DISSOLVE TO:

71 EXT. BEXAR STREET - NIGHT
An American cavalry patrol, led by Travis and Dickinson comes down the street. They pull up in front of the Cantina from which comes the sound of music.

TRAVIS
Captain Dickinson, split your patrol and send half each way along the river for five miles to look for any signs. Then report back to the Mission.

He swings down off his horse and ties him to the hitchrail. Dickinson and his patrol canter off as Travis enters the Cantina.

72 INT. CANTINA - NIGHT
It is a scene of revelry. Beekeeper and his guitar, aided and abetted by a couple of Mexican musicians are providing the music for the Tennesseans and the dance hall girls. The dancers whirl madly. . Crockett, coatless, is spinning among the dancers. In b.g., we see Travis enter.

73 INT. CANTINA - MED. - NIGHT
Travis. He stands in the doorway. Near him is Cotton, leaning against a pillar and grinning at the dancers. Travis wears an expression of dignified disapproval. This changes to an expression of surprise as a girl hurtles from out of scene. He raises his arms and catches her. Then he stands in ruffled dismay with the girl in his arms. Crockett comes into scene.

CROCKETT
Thankee, sir -- she sort of come loose.

He takes the girl from Travis and goes out of scene. Travis looks after him with disapproval, then turns to Cotton.

TRAVIS
I should like to speak to David Crockett.

COTTON
You was.

Travis blinks and looks out toward the dancers.

TRAVIS
That was the famous Crockett?

74 INT. CANTINA - FULL - NIGHT
The dancers. Crockett hasn't bothered to put the girl down. He is whirling with the girl held in his arms. From b.g., Cotton calls.

COTTON
Colonel Davy!

Crockett, the girl still in his arms, goes toward Cotton.

75 INT. CANTINA - GROUP SHOT - NIGHT
Travis and Cotton. As Crockett comes into them.

TRAVIS
You are David Crockett, sir?

CROCKETT
That's my name.

TRAVIS
I am Colonel Travis, Commanding the Garrison. I should like to speak to you on a matter of gravest importance.

CROCKETT
Shore.

He flips the girl into the kid's arms.

CROCKETT (continuing)
Might as well start growing up, son.
(leads the way, motioning to Travis)
Let's find a corner.

76 INT. CANTINA - PAN SHOT - NIGHT
Section of Cantina. GAMBLER, at a table with three Mexicans, is showing them the intricacies of coon-can. Crockett passes through, followed by Travis. Crockett takes a bottle and two glasses from Gambler's elbow as he passes. He speaks over his shoulder to Travis.

CROCKETT
Talkin's dry work.

77 INT. CANTINA - MED. - NIGHT
Beekeeper and WOMAN. She sits on his lap. She is the owner of the Cantina, a plump, pretty woman and obviously enamored of Beekeeper. Crockett and Travis start through scene.

BEEKEEPER
Davy -- I resign. I'm going to settle down here with Conchita. Watch, Davy.

He tilts Conchita's chin up. Travis is annoyed by all this. Beekeeper fumbles through the Spanish.

BEEKEEPING (continuing in Spanish)
Give me a kiss.

She does -- he crows.

BEEKEEPER (continuing)
See, Davy, I speak the language.

CROCKETT
Anyway, the most important part.

He goes on with Travis. Conchita giggles happily.

78 INT. CANTINA - MED. SHOT - NIGHT
Corner of Cantina. There is a little table and two chairs in a nook by the wall. A Tennessean is passed out on the table. Crockett gestures Travis to a chair.

CROCKETT
Light there and rest easy, Travis, while I bed down this buck -- he just ain't got the head for whiskey.

As he speaks he has put down the bottle and glasses and seized the Tennesseans' feet. He goes out of scene, paying no heed to his pal's head, which bumps from table to chair and thence to the floor. The Tennessean snores happily as he is dragged out of scene. Crockett returns. Travis has seated himself stiffly. Crockett grabs the bottle and starts to pour Travis a drink.

CROCKETT
Here, let's wet our whistles -- words are dusty.

7.8 CONTINUED:

TRAVIS
I do not drink.

Crockett stares at him in horror.

CROCKETT
Not ever?

TRAVIS
No, not at all.

CROCKETT (sadly)
I've heard of such.
(he drinks)
Well, spread your wampan, Travis.

TRAVIS
My title is Colonel.

Crockett drinks again.

CROCKETT
Me, I'm a Colonel, too. Wouldn't it sound silly for both of us to be chattering: "Colonel, Colonel, Colonel" -- like a couple of marsh shield birds...Just speak right up. Call me Crockett. Don't bother to use my title. Ole drunken General Flatford gave it to me during the Choctaw Indian War. I'll call you Travis.

Travis looks at him a moment and is aware that what started out as reproof from Travis to Crockett has turned into a reproof from Crockett to Travis.

TRAVIS
Very well, Crockett. I would like permission to make a speech to your men.

CROCKETT
They heard many a speech when I was Congressifying. What about?

78 CONTINUED: (1)

TRAVIS
About freedom. About liberty.

CROCKETT
Why, they don't need such a speech. They're from Tennessee.

TRAVIS
But I'd like to explain to them why I'd like them to volunteer for service. To fight Santa Anna. May I?

With this, a body hurtles through the air, going completely into the fireplace. Crockett hops up and fishes out one of his Tennesseans, who has been knocked stone cold and is also afire. Crockett beats out the fire and throws a glass of whiskey into the man's face. He blinks into consciousness.

CROCKETT (reprovingly)
Not so careless! -- You can't get new clothes this side of Nagadoches.

He shoves him out of scene in the direction in which he arrived and drops back into his chair.

CROCKETT
-- Tennesseans ain't exactly against fighting. But they ain't much for listening to speeches. What would you tell them?

TRAVIS
Of the many and unendurable hardships the people have been subjected to -- Under the tyrannical government of this military dictator, Santa Anna, we have no rights in the courts, no market for our produce; he has forbidden trade with the North.

Two Tennesseans come into scene. Both are well-liquored. One, a giant, is BULL. The other is PETE. Bull is carrying two rooster feathers.

78 CONTINUED: (2)

BULL
Davy, I want a chance for my money back.

PETE (scornfully)
Whyn't you let Davy alone? You lost thirty-eight times hand-running.

BULL (angrily)
Thirty-six!

PETE
Thirty-eight.

Bull jerks his elbow back. The elbow contacts Pete's chin and Pete goes flat on the floor out cold. Crockett gets up.

CROCKETT
Sorry, Travis -- only take a minute.

Bull hands him one of the feathers. They stand facing each other. Each balances a feather on his nose and as they face each other each tries to blow the other man's feather out of balance. Travis looks on with ill-concealed annoyance. Finally, Crockett's feather is blown off his nose. Bull crows in victory.

BULL
Got you that time, Davy.

TRAVIS
Now, if we could continue, sir....I would like to say...

CROCKETT
Another minute, Travis. This was just for who gets first chance.

Travis stares as Bull carefully rolls up his sleeve. Crockett stands before him, waiting to receive the punch. Bull hits him a mighty belt on the chin. Crockett's knees buckle and he sags. Bull beams from ear to ear as he looks like he has knocked out Crockett. But then Crockett's legs gradually

78 CONTINUED: (3)

gather under him and his eyes become uncrossed. He finally straightens. Bull shuts his eyes and waits, ludicrous in his dismay over losing the bet, but not one whit troubled about the punch that's coming. Crockett hits him a left hook on the chin. Bull goes down flat alongside the stretched-out Pete. Pete comes to an instant's consciousness.

PETE
Thirty-nine.

He flops back again, unconscious.

CROCKETT (to Travis)
Game we play back in Tennessee. Go on. What else had you to tell about Santa Anna?

Travis rises. He can no longer contain his annoyance.

TRAVIS (stiffly)
Even though time is running out, I feel I must postpone this interview until we can be assured of no further interruptions.

Crockett looks up at him. His manner changes subtly.

CROCKETT (almost brutal an order)
Sit down, Travis.

Crockett closes the door, and after an instant Travis sits down. Crockett takes his time lighting a cigar -- holding Travis with his eyes.

CROCKETT (continuing)
Were you going to tell my Tennesseans that a good many men -- sound men all -- had a plot to ease the suffering of the people of these parts? Or that men like Sam Houston and Steve Austin and others -- and you, too, Travis -- were planning to declare for a Republic; to declare this the Republic of Texas? Had you intended to tell them that, Travis?

78 CONTINUED: (4)

Travis has sprung to his feet in shocked surprise.

TRAVIS (tense and worried)
I had not thought this was generally known.'

Crockett pours himself a drink.

CROCKETT
Sit down, Travis. It isn't -- yet.

After a moment Travis sits.

CROCKETT (continuing)
Not until Austin has separated the sheep from the goats.... Until he knows who is on the right side.

He drinks slowly. Travis regards him with tense interest.

CROCKETT (continuing)
Republic! -- I like the sound of the word. It means people can talk free and live free. That they can go or come, buy or sell, be drunk or sober; however they choose... I like the sound of some words. Republic is one of the words that makes me tight in the throat... The same tightness of throat a man gets when his baby takes its first step -- or when his first baby shaves and makes his first sound like a man. Some words can give a man the feeling of making his heart warm.

Travis is a most intelligent man. Suddenly the tension has gone out of him. He smiles.

TRAVIS
Colonel Crocket, I have - I believe - learned two things about you.

CROCKETT
Worthwhile, I hope.

78 CONTINUED: (5)

TRAVIS
You are not an illiterate, ignorant country bumpkin you would have people believe.

CROCKETT
Pa said I was the knot-headest of the eleven in our litter.

TRAVIS
You speak excellent and concise English when you wish. That bad grammar is a pose.

CROCKETT
Man has to do a lot of things to get elected to Congress -- Kissed many a baby, too.

TRAVIS
That's one thing I've learned. You are posing. The other is that you came to Texas to fight with us.

CROCKETT
Don't tell my Tennesseans that. They think we came south to hunt and get drunk.

TRAVIS
I realize now why you are a great American legend. Goodnight, sir.

CROCKETT
Don't take any wooden nickels.

78 CONTINUED: (6)

Travis understands; he gives one of his rare smiles and goes. Crockett thoughtfully drinks his drink. A Tennessean hurtles into the fireplace. Crockett, still drinking, fishes him out and tosses him back into the brawl that is going on in the main room. Then he stands there and takes another sip of his drink. Then he strolls out the door after Travis. He's just sauntering, thinking as he walks.

79 EXT CANTINA - STREET

It is almost deserted. Crockett strolls down toward the entrance to the Cantina rooms as a woman and a little boy come out of the dark hotel entrance. The woman is FLACA. The boy is a sleepy youngster of seven or so. Flaca carries two travelling cases. The boy carries a small trunk, which is just a little more than he can handle. Flaca puts down the bags and looks anxiously up the dark street. The boy puts down the trunk and collapses on top of it. Crockett, about to turn into the Cantina lodging entrance, looks at Flaca, who avoids his gaze. A carriage, drawn by a pair of horses, comes out of the darkness. A Mexican drives it. Flaca's relief is evident as she reaches for the handle of the door. But the door opens by itself and EMIL SAND steps out. He grins at Flaca, who is taken aback.

EMIL (to driver, in Spanish)
You may go, Juan.

DRIVER
Si, Senor Sand.

The carriage goes.

FLACA
This is incredible -- I arranged for --

EMIL
I would be heartbroken if you left Bexar just now -- and even more heartbroken if you left with my team of horses, which would bring a pretty penny in these times with two factions buying anything on four legs.

79 CONTINUED:

Through this he has become aware of Crockett and starts to eye Crockett. Now he steps past Flaca and squarely confronts Crockett, who is looking off and up.

EMIL
You have business here?

Crockett smiles at him.

CROCKETT
Promised mother.

Emil doesn't get that, of course. Who would? He continues to glare at Crockett.

EMIL
Your mother?

CROCKETT
Pray to the North Star ten minutes every night -- long line of star worshippers.

He looks off and up again. Emil seriously considers belting this bumpkin but decides not to. He stoops to take Flaca's bags.

EMIL
Let us go upstairs, unless you prefer discussing your business in front of every drunken loafer in Bexar.
(to the Mexican, in Spanish)
Bring the luggage.

Bags in hand, Emil sort of herds Flaca toward the entrance. She passes Crockett and goes through the doorway ahead of Emil. The little Mexican boy heaves mightily and gets the trunk to his shoulder. He starts toward the door. Crockett, watching, suddenly reaches down and picks up boy and trunk. With boy on one shoulder and trunk on the other, he follows Emil through the door.

80 INT. HOTEL ENTRANCE AND STAIRS
First Flaca, then Emil comes through the darkness. Crockett trots along until he catches up with them. Then, all three come up the stairs. Naturally, Emil thinks it is the Mexican boy behind him. He is unaware of Crockett.

EMIL
I suppose that over-dressed loafer is one of the riff-raff assembling here to resist Santa Anna. They'll find graves and nothing else. Santa Anna will sweep across --

Now at the door he has put down the bags in order to open the door. The movement turns him enough that he sees Crockett.

CROCKETT
Over-dressed! I paid good money for these clothes.

EMIL
Why ---

He glares at Crockett, helps Flaca inside the room and slams the door in Crockett's face. Crockett puts down the trunk and knocks at the door. The door is jerked open and Emil stands in the door.

CROCKETT
The lady's trunk.

Emil yanks the trunk inside and slams the door again. Crockett puts down the boy and knocks on the door. Emil yanks the door open.

CROCKETT (pointing at boy)
Gratuity for the boy -- you forgot.

Wordless rage suffuses Emil's face and he again slams the door. Crockett knocks. This time when it is jerked open Emil has a pistol in his hand. Crockett looks at the pistol. He speaks to the watching little boy.

CROCKETT
Guess the gentleman doesn't intend to tip you, son.

80 CONTINUED:

Emil again slams the door. Crockett knocks on the door again. This time when it is yanked open and Emil thrusts out the pistol, Crockett is off to one side. A practiced flip disarms Emil.

CROCKETT
Another thing I promised mother --
Not to get in situations where people would point guns at me.

He elbows Emil to one side and steps past him.

81. INT. FLACA'S ROOM

With Emil and Mexican boy in doorway as Crockett steps in. She looks at the tall frontiersman. He bows to her.

CROCKETT
Mam, it is possible I misunderstand -- But it seems to me you find the gentleman's company distasteful. If so, I am at your service.

EMIL
Tell him to get out.

FLACA
Thank you for your offer, sir. There is no way in which you can be of help -- and I am in no danger.

Crockett bows again.

CROCKETT
I bid you goodnight, mam.

He turns to the smouldering Emil and looks at him for a moment.

CROCKETT
Gratuity for the boy.

Emil glares but digs out a coin and hands it to the boy. Then Crockett opens the pistol breech, raps it so the ball falls out and then blows the powder from the chamber. The powder makes a grey splotch on Emil's nice black broadcloth. Crockett hands him the empty pistol.

81 CONTINUED

CROCKETT
Your property, sir.

He steps through the door.

82 INT. CORRIDOR
As the door slams behind Crockett, the Mexican boy dissolves in laughter, holding up Emil's coin for Crockett's inspection. Crockett flips him another.

CROCKETT
Balance the weight in your pockets.

He goes down the stairs and out.

82A EXT. BEXAR STREET - NIGHT
As Crockett comes out of the Cantina he bumps a Tennessean who is trying to sleep across the steps.

CROCKETT
Blank, you're going to have feet in your face all night --

TENNESSEAN
Davy, there's fifteen men to one room upstairs -- there just ain't no room...

CROCKETT
I'll make room -- I don't aim to get these clothes shrunk does it come up rain.

DISSOLVE

83 INT. CANTINA CORRIDOR
As Crockett comes down the hall toward his room. He enters the room.

84 INT. ROOM
It is packed with drunken, snoring Tennesseans. Crockett looks, then hangs his hat on a booted foot which sticks straight up out of the tangle. He takes the end of a blanket and pulls up. A snoring Tennessean unwraps from the blanket like a yo-yo. Blanket in hand, Crockett steps out onto the porchlike roof.

85 EXT. ROOF

As he steps out we can see that the windows of the hotel room are about on the same level as the Cantina roof. Flaca's voice comes over from one of the rooms. She is speaking rapid-fire Spanish.

86 INT. FLACA'S ROOM

She stands with the papers in her hands. Emil sits in a chair. As she scans each new paragraph, she emits bursts of obvious abusive Spanish. We see Crockett through the barred window. They are unaware of his presence.

EMIL
Too fast for me -- though I dare say
I'm better off not understanding.

She looks at him and switches to English.

CONTINUED

86 CONTINUED:

FLACA
You actually expected me to agree to this -- this atrocity?

EMIL
I actually did -- and I actually do. You're an educated woman, Flaca -- and intelligent. Is there any other way to restore your family properties? Santa Anna's administrators rule Potosi.

FLACA
You expected my agreement -- with my father and my four brothers newly buried in Potosi -- and my husband.

EMIL
I expect it because it is the logical course.

FLACA
To marry you? Logical?

EMIL
Of course. I am acceptable to Santa Anna. And if he should be defeated I will manage to be acceptable to his successors -- that is the trick -- to be acceptable to the powers that be. And let us not pretend you are a heart-broken widow. You barely knew the man. The marriage was as much arranged as this one would be. Your family picked him out.

FLACA
That is our Mexican way.

Crockett vanishes from outside the window.

87 EXT. CANTINA ROOF
As Crockett goes into his room.

88 INT. CROCKETT'S ROOM
As he crosses through the roomful of drunken Tennesseans. He picks up his hat on the way through.

89 INT. FLACA'S ROOM
As she stands by the opened door and Emil puts on his hat.

EMIL
You'll say yes. It's your only possible path. But like all women you must postpone the decision.

She just stares at him and he goes.

90 EXT. BEXAR STREET
As Crockett comes out of the Cantina entrance and turns toward the hotel. Emil comes out of the hotel entrance. He recognizes Crockett, who passes him. Emil glares after him as Crockett enters the hotel. Then Emil turns and goes hastily up the street.

91 INT. FLACA'S ROOM
As she goes to answer Crockett's knock at the door. She opens it. Crockett steps inside.

CROCKETT
Mam, forgive me.

He hangs his hat on her hat rack. Crockett's going to stay awhile.

CROCKETT
I was trying to sleep on the roof out there and couldn't help overhearing.

FLACA
You eavesdropped --

CROCKETT
I'm not deaf. Somebody forcing somebody else to do something always rankles me. You never saw me before but I'm here to offer my services. If that fellow is making you stay in Bexar, I'm ready, willing and able to provide you with transport to wherever else you wanted to go.

91 CONTINUED:

CROCKETT (continued)
And, if you choose to stay here, I'm ready, willing and able to see that he don't bother you.

Through this speech she has been inspecting him gravely.

FLACA
Will you answer one question with complete honesty, Mr. Tall American?

Crockett bows.

CROCKETT
Only modesty restrains me from answering that I am widely known for my honesty.

FLACA
Would you so quickly offer to defend me if I were sixty years old and wrinkled?

Crockett eyes her.

FLACA (continuing)
Or is it because I am young and widowed -- and you are far from your home and your loved ones.

Crockett bursts out laughing.

CROCKETT
Mam, it just isn't fair that you should be so young and pretty and so knowing too --

She hands him his hat.

FLACA
But thank you anyway, sir.

She opens the door for him. He bows and starts out. She stands in the door a moment.

91 CONTINUED: (1)

FLACA
In any event, this is a matter in which no outsider could help. -- And Mr. Tall American --

92 INT. HOTEL CORRIDOR
Crockett standing outside her door, hat in hand.

FLACA
I do believe a woman in trouble, even though sixty and wrinkled, could turn to you for help. You seem to me that sort of gentleman. Good night.

She closes the door. Crockett puts on his hat and goes down the corridor.

DISSOLVE TO:

93 EXT. STREET
Emil and a group of thugs lurk in the shadows of a wall. Looking off he sees Crockett come out of the hotel. Emil waves the thugs into combat. He stays prudently in the dark.

94 EXT. STREET - NIGHT
Crockett has come out of the hotel. The four thugs are moving silently along the dark side of the street. They make a sudden concerted rush at Crockett. At the last moment he sees them coming and after dodging the first rush, kicks the leader in the stomach. Then they swarm at him. Just then a horseman comes into the street with his horse at an easy lope. We CUT to see that the horseman is Bowie. Seeing the fight, Bowie sinks spurs and sends the galloping horse into the struggling men. As the men are all knocked about by the horse's rush, Bowie unloads and joins the fray. Bowie doesn't know Crockett. It's just that the other guys are dressed as Mexicans and Crockett as an American. Crockett has one man down and is astride him while another attempts to strangle him. Meanwhile, Bowie seizes a thug in each arm and clamps down a headlock. Crockett rolls the man off his shoulders and bangs his head against the street. Then he jumps in the air and comes down stiff-legged on the man under him. The guy goes out with a loud whoosh. Crockett is now facing Bowie, who is crushing a skull under his arm.

94 CONTINUED:

CROCKETT
Thank you, friend. If you don't insist on having them to yourself I'll give you a hand.

He takes the big Bowie knife from Bowie's belt, reverses it and raps one of the skulls. There is a sound like a watermelon falling off a roof and the struck man collapses with a fracture. Crockett hefts the knife with pleasure. Enjoying the balance of the heavy knife before he strikes and at the same time looking at Bowie, Crockett gets a sudden idea.

CROCKETT
Why, you must be Jim Bowie --Your size and shape is as described, and this knife fits what they say about it.

BOWIE
I'm Bowie.

CROCKETT
I'm Davy Crockett.

Still holding the other man in the iron grip of his left arm, Bowie extends his right hand to shake hands.

BOWIE
Davy Crockett!

BOTH TOGETHER
I've heard a lot about you.

Both laugh.

CROCKETT
I'd admire to buy you a drink or eight or ten. Oh, sorry.

He remembers and repairs his oversight by fracturing the skull of the man held in the crook of Bowie's left arm.

94 CONTINUED: (1)

BOWIE
Thankee.

CROCKETT
Nothing.

They turn and start toward the Cantina but Bowie pauses long enough to turn over one of the prostrate thugs.

BOWIE
You have some trouble with Emil Sand? That's one of his men.

CROCKETT
Who's Emil Sand?

BOWIE
Merchant.

CROCKETT
Tall fellow with butter-colored hair?

BOWIE
That's him.

CROCKETT
Had a few words with the gent. Looking forward to having more. That drink?

BOWIE
Honored, Congressman Crockett.

Crockett gets a sad, pained look on his face. He stops Bowie's progress.

CROCKETT
Please, don't never call me that, Jim. I'm trying to live it down.

They enter the Cantina.

DISSOLVE TO:

95 INT. CANTINA - NIGHT

Bowie and Crockett sit in a corner. The place is very quiet now. A few Tennesseans are scattered about, sleeping under tables and so forth. A waiter is just walking away after putting down another bottle before Bowie and Crockett.

CROCKETT
Gather you like it.

BOWIE
Davy, if you only knew Mexico --
Wonderful --

CROCKETT
Thought she was mostly desert --
burnt over year-round.

BOWIE
Most northerners think that. Isn't so.
Big valleys between high mountains.
Just everything a man could want in the
way of country...for looking at, or growing
on. But mostly it's the people, Davy.
They've got courage -- and dignity.
They're not afraid to die, but also, and
it seems most important to me, they ain't
afraid to live. Today's important to them.
Not the dollar tomorrow might bring. The
Yankee says that's lazy. Me, I say it's
a way of living. And the women, well --

CROCKETT
Figured you approved of Mexican ladies,
Jim. Married one, they say.

Bowie gets a glow on his hard face as he looks at Crockett.

BOWIE
My family, Davy. Two fine boys. And
my wife -- well, I don't have your way
of making things real clear in just a few
words. My wife! Well, Davy, wait till
you meet her, that's all. I've sent her
and the boys up to Cohuila. All this
trouble here, you know. And, too, there's
an epidemic. My wife?

95 CONTINUED:

BOWIE (continued)
Well, Davy, as I say. I can't put it into words but I figure I'm the luckiest man who ever drew the breath of life.

CROCKETT
That's not such a bad stab at putting it into words.

He rises suddenly as Flaca walks into the Cantina. She sees Crockett and comes to him. Bowie also rises and bows, at the same time scowling doubtfully. Flaca has eyes only for Crockett.

FLACA
Might I speak privately with you, sir?

CROCKETT
Why sure -- but how did you --?

BOWIE
You are the Senora de Lopez?

Now for the first time she looks at Bowie.

FLACA
Ah, Senor Bowie. I'm sorry I did not recognize you at first.

BOWIE
Senora, this place, it --

FLACA
Yes -- but the matter is urgent. If I could have a few private words with this gentleman.

BOWIE
Surely.
(he starts away)
I'll go over there, Crockett.

He bows to Flaca and goes. She is looking at Crockett.

95 CONTINUED: (1)

FLACA
Crockett? You are the great Davy Crockett?

CROCKETT
Anyway, I'm Crockett -- and they named me Davy after an uncle who didn't leave Pa the farm after all.

FLACA
Mr. Crockett. Shortly after you left my room I was preparing for bed when there was the sound of an altercation in the street. I could hear the sounds though I could not see from my window. It sounded like a drunken brawl.

Crockett receives the news with seeming surprise.

CROCKETT
Sitting right here and didn't hear a thing.

FLACA
At any rate, shortly afterward I saw lights in the old church tower and people moving about. One of them was Emil and a thought came to me. As you may know, Colonel Travis commandered all powder and ball from the merchants of Bexar. He found none in Emil's warehouse. It is my opinion it is hidden in the tower of that old church. And, Mr. Crockett, the defenders of Texas will need that powder against Santa Anna.

CROCKETT
You're against Santa Anna?

FLACA
Bitterly, of course.

CROCKETT
And this Emil fellow favors Santa Anna?

95 CONTINUED: (2)

FLACA
He does.

CROCKETT
How come he'd figured you'd marry him? Political arguments don't flavor folks supper no matter how good the food.

FLACA
Nevertheless, I am going to marry him. Please, let's not discuss it, Mr. Crockett.

She rises and goes. He follows her to the doorway. She points down the street.

96 P.O.V. SHOT - THE BELL TOWER

97 BACK TO SCENE

FLACA
It is on the top floor. No, do not go outside with me, Mr. Crockett. I will make my own way.

CROCKETT
Name's Davy. And I just couldn't sleep at nights thinking of you married to --

Her gesture shuts him off.

FLACA
Say goodbye for me to Senor Bowie.
(she smiles)
He is a great man.

He watches her go and walks back through the Cantina. He comes to a table and pulls the Parson out from beneath it.

CROCKETT (to Parson)
Get me a couple of men - as sober as possible and join me out in the street.

97 CONTINUED:

He turns toward the door, followed by Bowie.

CROCKETT
Come along, Jim.

They exit into the street.

DISSOLVE TO:

98 ANGLE - ON THE BELL TOWER

99 ANGLE - ON BOWIE AND CROCKETT
In a doorway, looking toward the bell tower. Parson and Cotton come in to them.

PARSON
Only one I could wake was the boy here.

COTTON (indignantly)
I ain't no boy. I'm sixteen - almost.

CROCKETT
This is Jim Bowie. Two of my best men, Parson and Cotton.

BOWIE
Pleased, men.

The Parson and Cotton nod but Cotton is looking Bowie over carefully.

COTTON (to Crockett)
Knowed they lied.

CROCKETT
Huh?

COTTON
Them jokers that said he was bigger than you - and tougher.

Crockett shrugs this off although Bowie looks puzzled at the boy. Crockett turns to Cotton and points down the street.

99 CONTINUED:

CROCKETT
Cotton, go steal that horse and wagon.

The Parson utters a cry of pain.

PARSON
Davy, the boy's soul. Cotton, go borrow the horse and wagon.

COTTON
Borrow? Oh, you know the fellow owns it? Is he willing to lend?

CROCKETT
Jim here knows him, don't you, Jim?

Bowie is quick to understand.

BOWIE
Know him well. He'd be glad to give us the lend of it.

Cotton goes off into the darkness. Beekeeper comes scuttling up to them.

BEEKEEPER
I come as soon as I could quiet Conchita.
(to Crockett)
That's my gal.
(to Parson)
Why'd you go off without me?

PARSON (to Crockett)
I told him to stay behind. He's drunk.

BEEKEEPER
Stick to the point. Why'd you go off without me?

CROCKETT
Come along, but hold your breath. Can they smell they'll be warned you're coming.

He leads the way off into darkness.

100 EXT. BELL TOWER AND CHURCH - NIGHT
We are HOLDING ON an old well set alongside the church. Two Mexicans are in scene. One sits on the well-coping, the other stands leaning against the windlass. The Crockett party materializes from the dark. They grab the two Mexicans and drop them into the well.

101 EFFECT SHOT - INTO WELL
As the two Mexicans splash into the water below, grabbing at the rope as they go.

102 EXT. CHURCH
As Crockett's party turns toward the church. The windlass is spinning madly as the Mexicans in the well pull on the rope. The bucket is jerked off the windlass and goes down the well. It conks one of the Mexicans, if we are to judge by the loud clunk from below. The Crockett part look back at the noise but then go into the church.

103 ANGLE ON BALCONY WINDOW
As it opens and Emil steps out. Obviously, the sound off by the church brought him to the window. He stares off into the darkness and then goes briskly back into the room.

DISSOLVE TO:

104 INT. CHURCH
Our men have rousted the barrels of powder out from the choir room. They have pried the top off one of the barrels. Emil enters, pistol pointed. After a silence:

CROCKETT
You got something in common with the fellow beat me in the election.

One of Emil's people, pistol in hand, steps through another door. The Crockett's party eyes go to him.

CROCKETT (to Emil)
That man sure got around.

Another of Emil's henchmen through another door.

CROCKETT
Everywhere I went he had the people all convinced and ready to throw rocks at me.

104 CONTINUED:

EMIL
You will die talking, and soon.
(he gestures to Cotton)
Boy -- over with the others.

Cotton starts to move but the Parson suddenly flops on his knees and starts a loud, one-man prayer meeting.

PARSON
Not the boy. He's too young to die.
The Gates of Heaven swing not ajar
for slayer of youth...think upon it.

This odd behavior gets the attention of Emil and the other pistol pointers. They turn toward the Parson and Beekeeper jumps to grab a torch and hold it over the powder. The flames are barely above the powder. The two Mexicans flee. Bowie leaps for Emil as Emil raises both pistols and fires at Crockett and Cotton. But Crockett has a barrel lid up to the muzzles of the pistols. The balls richochet off the metal barrel lid. Then Bowie has Emil in the standard headlock. Everybody draws a breath, but before Parson stops speaking there is another emergency.

PARSON (grumpily to Beekeeper)
You were slow enough to catch on.

Only Bowie's sudden grab with his free hand saves them as Beekeeper faints and almost goes into the powder barrel, torch and all. Bowie pulls him back.

BEEKEEPER (slumping)
Parson's right. I'm drunk or I'd
never have done such.

Crockett steps over to face Bowie and takes Bowie's knife from the belt.

CROCKETT (ever so politely)
May I, Jim?

BOWIE
I'd be obliged, Davy.

104 CONTINUED

Plunk. It's that sound of the breaking watermelon again. Crockett carefully wipes the haft of Bowie's knive on Smitty's sleeve.

CROCKETT
Artist made that knife. Man had to have a feel for the finer things in life to build balance like that in a weapon.

SMITTY (staring down at Emil's body)
Is he dead?

CROCKETT
Sort of.

Smitty is pale and gulping, but Bowie makes a man of him with a slap on the back.

BOWIE
You've got good men, Davy, every one.
(he gives Smitty a little push)
All right, boys. Start getting these barrels out of here.

They start rolling barrels.

BOWIE
Twelve barrels -- better luck than Travis deserves -- We'll take it into the Alamo in the morning. Davy, if you'll have a couple of your men guard it, I'll take Smitty here and go steal -- uh -- borrow -- another wagon.

CROCKETT
Take orders from Jim Bowie.

CROCKETT
You ain't fooling me none -- I know we just plain stole that other wagon.

DISSOLVE

105 EXT. BEXAR STREET - NIGHT
As our three people come up out of the cellar. Bowie and Smitty go in one direction. Crockett turns toward the hotel.

DISSOLVE

106 INT. FLACA'S ROOM (NIGHT)
She sits near the window, brushing her hair. Crockett comes to stand in the window, looking through the bars.

CROCKETT
Figured you'd be fast asleep. It's halfway to daybreak.

She rises.

FLACA
I couldn't sleep.

She unhasps the window and swings it open. He steps in and sits down in a chair as she crosses to the decanter and gets him a glass of wine.

FLACA (continuing)
And there was so much to think about.

CROCKETT
Always envied those people could shut off their thinking and go sound asleep. Me, I'm a stall-walker.

He drinks the wine and looks up at her, standing before him.

CROCKETT (continuing)
You know, I don't know your name. You know mine, but I don't know yours. Bowie said De something. That's all I know.

FLACA
My name is Graciela Carmela Maria de Lopez y Vejar.

CROCKETT
(mildly, but as if awed)
Goodness gracious -- what do I call you for short and friendly?

FLACA
Flaca --

106 CONTINUED

CROCKETT
Flaca. That sounds.

FLACA
It's a childhood nickname. It means skinny.

Crockett finishes the wine, looking at her figure.

CROCKETT
Bad eye for curves, whoever nicknamed you that.

He hands her the glass and she crosses to refill it. Crockett watches her, then sighs and gets to the news he brings.

CROCKETT
Flaca, this would be a good time, some would think, for me not to mention this -- but don't plan on marrying that blond-headed Emil. He's dead.

She whirls.

FLACA
Dead?

CROCKETT
Died under Jim Bowie's knife.
(he winces and shakes his head)
Lying's such a hard habit to break. Bowie didn't kill him. I had Bowie's knife in hand at the time.

She stands there looking at him for a moment.

FLACA
Emil is certainly the last human I would cry over -- yet I'm going to cry. It's just, Davy, that so much has happened to me in such a short time that --

106 CONTINUED

She comes across to where he sits on the window seat.

FLACA
I have to put my head on a shoulder.

She stands before him. They look at each other.

CROCKETT
You ain't fat -- you ain't skinny either -- sort of satisfactory in between. Come down here, Flaca.

She sits down and curls against him, dropping her head in the hollow of his shoulder. We HOLD on them for a moment as the girl wilts against the big man, then

DISSOLVE TO

107 BIG ANGLE - BEXAR - DAYBREAK
The town sleeps under a few rays of the new-breaking sun. From below Camera we see and hear the first few people leaving their homes. In b.g. is the community grazing area.

108 ANGLE - GRAZING AREA - DAYBREAK
This is a typical small, grassy enclosure where the populace turns out their goats and their few cows for a night's grazing. The first rays of sunlight are falling across the picketed animals as a group of early-morning milkers shambles in. Most are small boys and girls; a few men. The men have their sarapes wrapped high about their heads as is the custom. They all carry vessels of some sort for the milk. Each ambles to his animal. The goats bleat, the cows moo, as the milkers squat under them and begin milking. Now the milkers hear a sound off. They turn to look.

109 ANOTHER ANGLE - BEXAR STREET
A cluster of refugees comes down the street into Bexar. On the road behind them we can see more refugees. They straggle along, a few with burros but most carrying their belongings on their heads and backs. The milkers come down to them and we hear a clatter of Spanish in which we hear the words "Santa Anna" often. The milkers scatter toward their houses.

110 ANGLE - ON CROCKETT
As he stands in his window. He is coatless. He watches the people below and then turns and, looking off, smiles.

111 ANGLE - ON FLACA
As she stands in the open window, across the roof top, looking at him. The new sun bathes her and she is radiant -- a distinct change from the darkly moody woman we last saw go weeping into Crockett's arms. Crockett walks into scene. She steps back and Crockett follows her into the room.

112 INT. FLACA'S ROOM
As they look at each other.

FLACA
A beautiful morning, Davy Crockett.

He bows.

CROCKETT
It is that! Graciela Carmelo Maria de Lopez y Vejar.

FLACA
Heavens! You remembered all that?

CROCKETT
I'm not near as stupid as I look from the outside. What's the Spanish for breakfast?

FLACA
Desayuno.

CROCKETT
Let's pasear out and get us some desayuno.

FLACA
Pasear?

CROCKETT
That means walk.

FLACA
Well, it means -- have walked -- but never mind. I'll dress and --

CONTINUED

112 CONTINUED

She starts behind the dressing screen, but Crockett's eye has fallen on a set of writing equipment on the desk.

CROCKETT
Wait -- First write me a letter.

She seems puzzled but goes to the desk.

FLACA
Of course.

She prepares the pen.

FLACA
To whom is the letter addressed?

CROCKETT
(dictating flamboyantly)
To the Honorable Davy Crockett, Esquire.

She blinks at him.

FLACA
You wish a letter written to yourself?

CROCKETT
Yep. To the Honorable Davy Crockett, Esquire, former member of the Congress of the United States of America. Esteemed sir --

Puzzled, she writes.

DISSOLVE TO

113 EXT. BEXAR STREET (DAY)
The street is full of refugees; loaded burros; people with household possessions loaded on their heads, etc. Beekeeper and Smitty come through the crowd, on the wagon loaded with powder. Gambler lounges near the hotel.

BEEKEEPER
Seen Davy?

113 CONTINUED

GAMBLER
Nobody's seen Davy -- He ain't about.

On that, Crockett emerges from the entrance. He slaps Gambler's shoulder as he passes.

CROCKETT
First lie you told today.

He vaults onto the wagon.

GAMBLER
Where you bound, Davy?

CROCKETT
Present for some friends.

He moves the wagon through the crowd.

DISSOLVE TO:

114 EXT. ALAMO - DAY
As the wagon, loaded with powder, approaches the Alamo gates. Bowie rides his horse alongside the team, helping them. Crockett and his two men are on the wagon. There is a Sentry at the gate.

SENTRY
Who goes there?

Bowie rears his horse.

BOWIE
That you, Bob?

BOB
Why, shore - can't you see?

BOWIE
Then what kind of idiot nonsense is this -- who goes there?

BOB
Well, Travis -- Colonel Travis, that is -- he said...

114 CONTINUED

BOWIE
Open the gate before I shoot you off that wall.

115 EXT. BALCONY
As Travis comes out on his balcony and looks off.

TRAVIS (calling)
Sentry! Open for Colonel Bowie.

116 EXT. GATE
As they open the gate and the powder wagon comes through.

117 INT. ALAMO GATE
As the powder wagon comes through and pulls up. The gate is closed. A group of Alamo people gather around the wagon.

BOWIE
Near a ton of good powder. Get it unloaded, men.
(as he steps down from his horse)
The long one up there, he's Davy Crockett - and two of his good men.

A volunteer, Dennison, holds a hand to steady Beekeeper and Smitty as they jump to the ground.

DENNISON
This here one ain't quite a man, though he's stretching toward it.

Smitty burns, but Bowie's words give him a great lift.

BOWIE
Don't you gamble that he isn't a man. That ain't mother's milk on his sleeve.

Smitty is just barely ostentatious about the blood on his sleeve. Travis has come into scene for the blood-on-the-sleeve bit

TRAVIS
You had a fight?

117 CONTINUED

SMITTY (a modest warlock)
Aw, nothing much.
(he looks up at Bowie)
Was it, Col-- uh -- Jim?

Bowie grins.

CROCKETT
Hello, Travis.

Travis gives him a salute which is out of place in this informal atmosphere.

TRAVIS
Colonel Crockett.
(he looks happy as he counts the powder barrels)
Looks like the answer to a prayer. Colonel Crockett, I'd be pleased if you'd join me in my quarters for some refreshment. You too, Colonel Bowie, if you will.

He leads them toward the stairs going up to his quarters. Beekeeper, who hasn't been overdoing helping with the barrels, takes Dennison's elbow.

BEEKEEPER
Say, I'm a stranger in these parts. What do you Texicans use for drinking whiskey?

DENNISON
Drinking whiskey.

BEEKEEPER
Well, you got manners, or ain't you?

DENNISON
Come along. How about the lad?

SMITTY (a man overnight)
Reckon I will.

118 EXT. BALCONY OUTSIDE TRAVIS' QUARTERS
As Travis, Bowie and Crockett enter, Dickinson is at the door.

TRAVIS
Captain Dickinson - Colonel Davy Crockett.

DICKINSON
Pleased, sir.

CROCKETT
Morning.

119 INT. OFFICE
As they enter, Mrs. Dickinson comes through the adjoining door. She carries a plate of sandwiches and is accompanied by a sleepy Negro boy, who carries cups and a pot of coffee.

TRAVIS
And my cousin and Dick's wife - Mrs. Dickinson, Colonel Davy Crockett.

She puts down the tray and shakes hands with Crockett.

MRS. DICKINSON
I'm from Tennessee, too, Colonel Crockett. I feel as if I know you. Your name's a household word there - at least, in our household it was.

Angelina runs into the room.

ANGELINA
Mommy, I woke up and you were gone.

Crockett picks her up, but the kid reaches for her mother and Crockett puts the baby into her mother's arms.

MRS. DICKINSON
Angelina, this is Colonel Crockett.

But the baby is nestled against her mother's neck and isn't interested in Crockett.

MRS. DICKINSON
Angelina! Say how do you do to Colonel--

119 CONTINUED

CROCKETT
Please let her be, ma'am -
(he gently strokes the
baby's golden hair)
Every size they get seems like the most lovable size. Had a couple just about to match her, myself.

DICKINSON
Had? -- Oh, I'm sorr...

MRS. DICKINSON
Oh -- The Indian Massacre at - Colonel Crocket -

CROCKETT
Yes, ma'am. It ain't necessary for you to say it. I know, and thank you.

MRS. DICKINSON
If you gentlemen will excuse me...

She goes with the baby. Crockett takes a sandwich as he watches the baby go.

CROCKETT
Kind of a shame kids got to grow up into people, ain't it?

Travis passes to close the door behind Mrs. Dickinson.

TRAVIS
It's good we are all here, gentlemen. I have some news. Fannin is doing well at Goliad. He has mustered almost a thousand men and should be able to move south by the first of the week.

BOWIE
Thousand! Hardly seems possible.

CONTINUED

119 CONTINUED

TRAVIS
Does sound too good to be true, I admit. But of course we'll only admit our doubts to each other -- in the privacy of a room -- not where the men can hear. Where the volunteers can hear us, we'll be certain that Fannin has a thousand men or more.

BOWIE
I have a reputation for truth.

CROCKETT
I ain't. Everybody claims I'm a born liar -- But what we say out loud or quiet don't seem to me the point right now. The point is: How many men has Fannin got and will he get here before Santa Anna?

BOWIE
Whether he does or doesn't, we'll be trapped here. We should burn all of Bexar, including this Mission, and --

TRAVIS
And fight a harassing action. Annoy Santa Anna while he sweeps north across all of Texas. That's Colonel Bowie's theory, Colonel Crockett. I cannot entertain the idea.

BOWIE
We could hit and run -- jump him at every crossing of every creek between here and San Jacinto. Davy, don't you see?

TRAVIS
There is one thing you forget, Colonel Bowie.

BOWIE
What?

119 CONTINUED

TRAVIS
That I command -- and I have already decided against your plan. Let us attack a more important problem. Colonel Crockett's Tennesseans. Will they fight, Colonel?

CROCKETT
Up to the last time I saw them, they hadn't showed any strong feeling against fighting.

TRAVIS
Can you persuade them to come into the Mission?

CROCKETT
I can ask them.

TRAVIS
And you're a persuasive man, according to legend. Build up the story that Fannin is on his way with a thousand -- two thousand -- men. Play down the size of Santa Anna's army. Then once they're here and the enemy is drawn up outside the wall, no man inside will have any choice but to fight.

BOWIE
We've been through this, Travis.
(to Crockett)
He wants me to lie to my volunteers, too. Tell them the advantage is on our side -- keep them here with lies and --

TRAVIS
Truth is relative. The only pure unadulterated truth we need concern ourselves with is that this Mission must be held against Santa Anna. Everything else is unimportant. Let the truth of Santa Anna's strength be known down there in the yards and by daybreak there wouldn't be a baker's dozen left.

119 CONTINUED

BOWIE
You're calling my boys cowards?

TRAVIS
Please, Colonel Bowie, let us dispense with the fire-eaters pyrotechnics. There are more important matters confronting us.
(he turns to Crockett)
I don't conceal the fact I have a low opinion of the courage of the average man. Most men are cowards. Don't you agree with me, Crockett?

CROCKETT
No, I don't. Way I figure is all men are part coward and part hero. Sometimes one's on top, sometimes the other. Howsoever, I got to get back to Bexar. I'll figure out what to do about my boys. Day, Travis.

He goes. Bowie glares at Travis and follows Crockett out. Travis looks after them a moment, then goes to the window to look down on the courtyard.

120 EXT. STAIRCASE
As Crockett and Bowie come down.

BOWIE
Some years ago I swore off hauling out my knife every time somebody disagreed with me -- but --

Crockett stops so that Bowie runs into him. Crockett looks back at Bowie.

CROCKETT
That word, Jim. Pyrotechnics -- what's it mean?

BOWIE
Why, it means -- Ah, you know as well as I do.

120 CONTINUED

Crockett grins.

CROCKETT
You were sort of on the fireworks side. See you, Jim.

He walks off across the courtyard. Bowie watches him go.

121 EXT. ALAMO COURTYARD

As Crockett goes toward the wagon, Beekeeper and Smitty leave the drinking Texicans and come toward the wagon. The Texicans straggle along.

BEEKEEPER
Thank you, gentlemen, and I'll spread the word that what you Texicans use for drinking whiskey is drinking whiskey, and what's more important, you got pretty good manners considering you suffer the handicap of never having been in Tennessee.

There is amiable laughter -- they have accepted Beekeeper.

TEXICAN
Hey, Davy Crockett. Is it true you fit a four-day fight with Mike Fink on a sand bar in the Mississippi?

Crockett picks up the reins. He seems indignant.

CROCKETT
Blasted lie. One of them stories loose-mouthed people tell around. Me and Mike quit at sundown and it wouldn't have been the fourth day till the next morning. See you, men.

He drives the wagon through the gates as the Texicans laugh.

122 EXT. ALAMO

As Crockett drives out and the gates are swung to behind him...

122A EXT. BEXAR STREET - DAY

Among the refugees we see MRS. GUY and family. She is driving a wagon loaded with kids, household possessions and household livestock -- chickens, a couple of goats, etc. Just as she gets even with the hotel, a batch of pots and pans falls from the wagon. Mrs. Guy pulls up the horses and jumps down, at the same time yelling back into the wagon bed, where a couple of the kids are squalling.

MRS. GUY
Shut up!

She starts to pick up the fallen objects. Flaca comes from the hotel walk to help.

FLACA
Let me help.

MRS. GUY (pleasantly)
Thank you, miss.
(she turns toward the squalling kids)
Shut up!
(back to Flaca)
Off he went on our best horse -- melted down our knives and forks for bullets - and rode off with that dam-blasted Sam Houston --
(to kids)
William, fetch Talbot a whack acrost the ear -- and one for Susannah whilst you're at it --
(to Flaca)
"I'm going," he says, "ready and proud to die for Texas" -- Well, he'd took the rifle or he wouldn't have had to waited for Santa Anna to kill him! -- Any man'd leave these kids to go to war's nothing but a coward... Thank you, young lady.

She climbs into the wagon.

FLACA
Vaya con Dios.

123 EXT. BEXAR STREET
Seguin enters to Flaca.

SEGUIN
Graciela.

FLACA
Senor Seguin... Many of the people are leaving.

SEGUIN
Those who can are sending their women and children to safety. Few can.

123A CUT AWAY TO SHOT OF CROCKETT
He is riding through the people. He jumps off the wagon - wagon goes on. He walks toward Flaca, who does not see him at first. Then she turns and sees him coming toward her.

FLACA
Senor Seguin, this is Mr. David Crockett. Senor Seguin is the Alcalde -- the Mayor -- of San Antonio de Bexar.

The men shake hands.

CROCKETT
We've met.

SEGUIN
Yes, I am honored.

CROCKETT
The way these people are running, that Santa Anna must be getting close.

SEGUIN
Yes. Yesterday a burro cost two dollars -- today, sixty dollars will not buy one. The people here know Santa Anna... he, well, Senora de Lopez can tell you better than anyone. Excuse me.

He moves out of the scene.

123A CONTINUED

CROCKETT
You don't stand good with Santa Anna?

FLACA
The opposition never stands well with dictators. My father led the opposition in Potosi.

CROCKETT
Used to think it was silly to hate a fellow I never laid eyes on. But this Santa Anna's getting himself close... One minute, and I'll buy you that desayuno, or whatever it is.

Crockett goes and we STAY on the girl. She is looking off at Crockett from an ANGLE that INCLUDES Seguin in b.g. He walks up to her and watches her for a moment. It is obvious to him that the girl is very intent on Crockett.

SEGUIN
It is a pleasant thing to see a woman wear that expression, Graciela. Your face has been sad for so many months. It is good to see something else in your eyes... This fellow, Crockett - does he intend to fight here?

FLACA
I do not know. But as short as our acquaintance is, I believe Davy Crockett will always fight for what is right.

Crockett returns. He takes Flaca's arm.

CROCKETT (to Seguin)
Con permiso?

Seguin bows.

FLACA
Your Spanish improves.

CROCKETT
You have the letter?

FLACA
Yes.

123A CONTINUED

CROCKETT
Let's deliver it.

They walk out of scene.

124 EXT. CANTINA - MORNING

Most of the Tennesseans are in a cluster around the entrance to the Cantina. Possibly they are comparing hangovers and arguing. A quarrelsome Tennessean is confronting Cotton and Beekeeper.

GAMBLER
So this here Travis wants us to fight his fight for him?

BEEKEEPER (protesting)
When us took the powder in, the man asked if us Tennesseans were going to join him - that's all -- the man didn't ask us to fight his fight for him.

GAMBLER
I don't own no part of this here Texas -- and none of these here Texans is related to me. Why should I fight for them?

BULL
That's right -- it ain't our ox that's getting gored.

Crockett and Flaca come up from behind.

CROCKETT
Gentlemen, make way for Senora de Lopez.

They move aside, grinning and bowing. Beekeeper shoves over a keg.

BEEKEEPER
Maybe the lady'd like to sit, Davy?

CROCKETT
Flaca -

She sits down.

CROCKETT
Gather around.

124 CONTINUED:

The Tennesseans huddle closer to him.

CROCKETT
Heerd you talking about whose ox is gored. Figure this. Fella gets in the habit of goring oxes, it whets his appetite. May come up North and gore your ox next.
(he gestures)
Come close. Men, we're in a fix, sort of. Fella by the name of Santa Anna --
(gesturing again)
He's mad at us. He wrote us a letter. I can't read it on account of it's in Spanish, but this lady will read it to us. Ma'am.

Flaca holds up the letter. She begins to read.

FLACA
It is addressed to Davy Crockett and the Tennesseans who accompany him. Bet it known: You are interlopers in a country where you are neither wanted nor welcome. This is the order you are given: Depart with all haste and at once because it has come to our attention that you are possibly considering joining the rebels now skulking in the Mission. This is not your fight. Depart. Should you fail to abide by this order, I shall chastise you even unto death.

Signed: Generalissimo Antonio Miguel de Santa Anna, etc.

As she finishes, there is a dead silence. Finally Beekeeper speaks.

BEEKEEPER
Kind of fancies himself, this fellow. Got a right-big sounding name.

124 CONTINUED: (1)

BULL
Givin' us orders. This here fella think he's Andy By God Jackson?

GAMBLER
Riles me when somebody says go here and don't go there.

BEEKEEPER
I ain't been run out of no place since my ole paw kicked me over ever acre of our half section back in Ohio. I was just a shirttail boy then, and my paw had big feet.

GAMBLER
Davy, we goin' to stand for this fella tellin' us what we can and can't do?

BULL
Davy, how long a ride is this fella Santa Anna away? Maybe we ought to saddle up and go pay him a call.

BEEKEEPER
Do chastise mean what I think it means?

PETE
Means what the school teacher does to bad little boys.

BEEKEEPER
Happened every day the month or so I went to school. Chastise, huh. Davy, let's saddle and go learn this fella his manners.

Crockett sits on the edge of the keg beside Flaca.

CROCKETT
He'll save us that trouble. He's wearing out horses coming towards us.

124 CONTINUED: (2)

BEEKEEPER
Guess we can't stop him from coming, but I reckon we'll see he limps going back.

The Tennesseans now are cheerfully considering the upcoming fight and talking among themselves.

BULL
I swear, I begun to think these Texicans wasn't as hospitable as they might be. But here they arranged a nice fight for us visitors.

CROCKETT
One thing I ought to tell you.

They all look at him.

CROCKETT
Santa Anna never wrote that letter.

Silence.

CROCKETT
I wrote it. That is, I had this lady write it for me.

More silence.

CROCKETT
You see, fellows. I was figuring how to tell you about this here Texican hoe-down, and I got to wondering what this Santa Anna would have said to us Tennesseans if he had a chance to say it.

BEEKEEPER (solemnly)
Davy, I don't say I never been whipped, I have. But I gave each and every one of them fellows a chance to dig in and get the job done. I sure never took nobody's word in advance that he was going to chastoon me.

124 CONTINUED: (3)

PARSON
Chastise.

GAMBLER
My money rides with Beekeeper. Well, Davy, speak up. We're going to stay, ain't we?

CROCKETT
I'm thinking it over.

BEEKEEPR (plaintively)
You can't be getting that old, Davy... What's there to think over. The fellow toed the mark and dared us. Chastise, he said.

CROCKETT
But I wrote the letter.

BEEKEEPER
Don't weasel, Davy! Said yourself them was the words he'd use if'n he was to write us a letter.

Crockett shrugs and taking Flaca's elbow, lifts her to her feet.

CROCKETT
You've convinced me, men. We'll fight. Now get some food. I'll see you later. Senora de Lopez and me are going to pasear.

He walks off with Flaca. Beekeeper stares after them.

BEEKEEPER
I'm kind of cheered seeing Davy with that girl. Last couple of years Davy worried me. Lately he ain't been looking at girls like he was starved.

GAMBLER
Being in Congress has ruint many a good man.

They start to straggle into the Cantina. Crockett and Flaca walk on. DISSOLVE TO: 79

125 MOVING SHOT - CROCKETT AND FLACA
She is watching him as they walk.

FLACA
All we hear is Crockett the bear killer -- Crockett the Indian fighter -- Crockett the brawler -- Crockett has brains.

CROCKETT
Kept it from showing for a good many years.
(he looks at her)
You like my Tennesseans, Flaca?

FLACA
Oh, yes.

CROCKETT
Could strain ten thousand and never wind up with twenty-three better. Every one of those men, saving the blonde boy, has been at my elbow when some sort of difficulty rose. Some among them don't wash as often as polite folks would think necessary, but every one smells sweet to me.

They have come to a huge, sweeping tree. He stops, looking at it. She sits on a convenient log.

CROCKETT
Father above, that's one beautiful tree. Tree must have been grown long before man made his first dirty footprint on these prairies.

He walks part way around the tree and back to her.

CROCKETT
Kind of tree Adam and Eve met under, I bet.
(he looks at her for a second)

125 CONTINUED:

CROCKETT (continuing)
Know something, Flaca. I guess I saw who-knows-how-many trees before I ever took a good long thoughtful look at one. Most of my life I was just looking to see was there a bear in the tree or an Indian behind it.

FLACA
Davy, what will happen to us -- to you and me, I mean?

He doesn't answer, though he's aware she's spoken. He again looks at the tree.

CROCKETT
When I was a boy in the Kaintuck woods a young fellow and his gal would hunt two trees like that. Cut one for a ridgepole, and build their house alongside the other. Seems like all anybody'd need -- but I guess some of us need more than that.

FLACA
Davy, so many things have happened to me in such a short time that I am almost never sure of anything. But, I think I love you.

CROCKETT
Could be. Young doe, old buck -- each has something the other lacks. Now, let me tell you something, Flaca, and listen tight. It might sound like I'm talking about me but I'm talking about you. In fact, I'm talking about all people everywhere.

She knows he means it and she listens intently.

125 CONTINUED: (1)

CROCKETT
When I come down here to Texas I was looking for something, but I didn't know what. It seemed to me if you added up my life, I spent all of it stomping other men or getting stomped, in some cases. I had some money and I had some medals. None of it seemed like it was a lifetime worth the pain of the mother that bore me. I was like I was empty. Well, I'm not empty anymore. That's the important thing. To feel useful in this old world. To hit a lick against what's wrong or to say a word for what's right, even if you get walloped for saying that word. This may sound like a Bible-beater yelling up a revival at a river-crossing-camp meeting, but that don't change its truth. There's right and there's wrong and you've got to do one or the other -- and when you do the one, you're living -- and when you do the other you may be walking around, but you're as dead as a beaver hat.
(he looks off)
Well, I'd hoped for a horse but there's nothing wrong with a good strong mule.

She has been intent on his words and this abrupt break in the trend of thought -- it is a moment before she follows his look. We change our angle to reveal.

126 ANGLE - ON MULE AND BUGGY
Parson drives. The buggy is loaded with Flaca's possessions. She looks in amazement.

FLACA
My things -- all my luggage is in the buggy.

CROCKETT
Had my men take care of it. Your gew-gaws may be rough packed, but it's all there. I hope you can drive a mule.

126 CONTINUED:

She turns to him.

FLACA
You're sending me away - to safety.
You talk of the fight against evil.
But you send me to safety. Is that
what love does, Davy?

CROCKETT
You've got an important name,
and you know a million words
and how they should be used.
I'm sending you to fight your
war -- to talk up a howling mob --
I'll stay and hit a lick. Come on.

He takes her down to the buggy. Parson slides down from the seat and they hand her up. She takes up the reins.

PARSON
His name's Haysoose, they told me --
and he seems a good honest mule.

Her face is strained. She burst out.

FLACA
But Davy, maybe I'll never see
you again.

CROCKETT
-- If that's what's written,
that's what's written -- and
when it's time, it's time --
and talking just makes it harder.
So, stir up that mule, Flaca.

They look at each other and she touches the mule with the whip. She smiles suddenly.

FLACA
Hasta la vista, Davy.

The mule and buggy go out of scene. Crockett stands looking after Flaca. Parson looks at Crockett. They stand quiet for a while. Crockett's face goes hard.

126 CONTINUED:

PARSON
You never pray, do you, Davy?

CROCKETT (harshly)
Never found the time.

He turns and exits past Parson, who looks after him.

DISSOLVE TO:

127 ANGLE - ON BEXAR STREET
As the Tennesseans file along the street in a mounted column. The Mexicans in the crowded street watch them go. Then they gather in loud talking gesticulating groups. Seguin walks among them.

SEGUIN (in Spanish)
Do not go -- it is useless. The Mission is now a fortress -- they cannot take in civilians.

But the people do not heed him. They continue to bundle up their possessions and straggle down the street.

128 EXT. BEXAR STREET END
As the Tennesseans file out toward the Alamo.

129 ANGLE - ON ALAMO WALL
As Travis and Dickinson come up onto the wall beside a Sentry. The Sentry has obviously called them, for he points off. Travis and Dickinson looked pleased.

130 ANGLE - ON TENNESSEANS - FROM ALAMO WALL
As the twenty-three riders lope toward the Alamo.

131 ANGLE - ON TRAVIS AND DICKINSON

TRAVIS (to Sentry)
Go down and see that the gate is opened for them.

SENTRY
I can just holler down.

CONTINUED:

131 CONTINUED:

TRAVIS (sharply)
Go down.

SENTRY
All right - I mean. Yes, sir.

Obviously Travis didn't want him overhearing the conversation.

TRAVIS
Crack shots, all the Tennesseans.

DICKINSON
Twenty times their number is what we need. And more.

Travis casts a quick glance down to see if that could be overheard.

DICKINSON
I know - such gloomy remarks are for your ears alone.

Travis squints out at the approaching men.

TRAVIS
Isn't that Bowie galloping to catch them?

Dickinson looks.

132 ANGLE - ON TENNESSEANS
As Bowie catches up and falls in alongside Crockett.

133 ANGLE - ON TRAVIS AND DICKINSON

TRAVIS
I can just hear Bowie pleading his cause.

DICKINSON
Crockett seems to me the kind of man who'd choose Bowie.

133 CONTINUED:

TRAVIS
What you mean is, Crockett isn't the kind of man to choose me.

Dickinson has to chuckle.

DICKINSON
Depend on you to say it the most brutal way.

TRAVIS
Most facts are brutal... Look at the great knife-fighter yapping at Crockett.
(he mimics Bowie)
Cut, slash and run ...

134 TWO SHOT - MOVING - BOWIE AND CROCKETT
As they lope their horses at the head of the procession of Tennesseans.

BOWIE
Cut, slash and run away -- Cost Santa Anna fifty or a hundred troops at every creek crossing between here and the north.

CROCKETT
Sounds reasonable the way you put it, Jim. But Travis, he's got a point, too. Might be best for Texas if we held this Santa Anna right here just as long as we could. Takes thinking on.

BOWIE
After you think on it, Davy, you'll side with me.

They have come to the front of the Alamo, the wall of which is lined with men. It is broad daylight but the Sentry is a man who follows orders.

134 CONTINUED

SENTRY
Who goes there?

Bowie squawks with rage.

BOWIE
Bob, I swear I'll shoot you off that wall! You blind?

SENTRY (stubbornly)
That's what I was told to holler every time.

135 ANGLE - ON TRAVIS AND DICKINSON

TRAVIS
Crockett, we welcome you and your men.

Crockett waves, and the Tennesseans start to walk their horses through the gate.

TRAVIS (cont'd)
If you will join us up here, Colonel Crockett, I will explain our establishment to you.

Crockett and Bowie dismount.

136 ANGLE ON JOCKO AND BLIND NELL
As they watch the Tennesseans dismounting.

JOCKO
Twenty-three of them, Nell -- Twenty-three all the way from home --

NELL
Recognize any of them, Jocko? -- Could be my brother Malachi would be with them -- He was considerable of a fellow for going where there was trouble.

JOCKO
He was that -- but you know Malachi was hunged -- or so some folks told us. Colonel Crockett! Colonel Crockett!

136 CONTINUED

Crockett turns to them.

JOCKO
We're Tennesseans.

CROCKETT
Well, howdy.

BLIND NELL
We seen you when you come to Stink Wells to speak for the job in Congress.

JOCKO
You shook hands with me.

CROCKETT (shaking hands)
I'll do it again.

BLIND NELL
Didn't vote for you, though -- the other fellow give us four bits.

JOCKO
I'm sorry.

CROCKETT
Don't be -- I'm thankful there was enough sensible folks like you to vote me out of the job -- Excuse me, folks --

He goes on toward Travis.

137 OMIT

138 OMIT

139 BIG ANGLE - BEXAR
As a Cavalry unit rides into Bexar. It consists of perhaps sixty smartly-uniformed men.

140 ANGLE - BEXAR STREET
As the Cavalry rides in. We see the last barred windows slamming shut and the last kid snatched into his house. The Mexicans form near the broken flagpole and a couple of troopers dismount to run up Santa Anna's flag. Others go into the Cantina, and we see the girls hustled out of the Cantina as it is seized for a command post. Several orderlies dismount and take attaché cases into the Cantina.

140 CONTINUED

Then a couple of officers come out of the Cantina. One mounts, the other hands him a rolled scroll. A few commands are barked and the officer leads out his patrol.

141 ANOTHER ANGLE - BEXAR STREET
As the patrol starts out of Bexar.

141A EXT. ALAMO WALL - TRAVIS, CROCKETT, BOWIE
As a sentry brings a telescope to Travis. All look toward Bexar.

142 EXT. BEXAR
As the patrol comes out.

143 OMITTED

144 MOVING INSERT - THE PATROL
Beautifully precisioned, they come toward the Alamo, passing refugees.

145 OMITTED

146 MOVING INSERT - THE PATROL
Coming on.

147 ANGLE - ON ALAMO WALL
FEATURING Travis. He speaks crisply over his shoulder, without turning.

TRAVIS
Colonel Bowie! Are your men disposed?

148 EXT. ALAMO
FEATURING Bowie. He looks toward his group of riflemen.

BOWIE
All at their posts.

149 EXT. ALAMO - MED. - TRAVIS

TRAVIS
They are under a flag of truce. No one will fire unless I so order.

150 EXT. ALAMO - GROUP SHOT
Featuring Bowie. One of his riflemen, who is peering through a loophole, gives vent to a chuckle.

RIFLEMAN
I got a dead bead on that there pretty Lieutenant.

151 EXT. ALAMO - MED. - TRAVIS
This time he turns instantly.

TRAVIS
Extra duty for that man.

He turns back to look at the Mexicans.

152 EXT. ALAMO - GROUP SHOT
Featuring Bowie. He and the Rifleman exchange looks.

RIFLEMAN (helpfully)
It's all right, Jim -- it's all right.

153 MOVING INSERT - THE PATROL
As they come toward the Mission. They are exceedingly military in their bearing, and not one man's face shows the slightest fear as they ride up under the mouth of the cannon. When they are right at the wall the Lieutenant barks a curt order and the patrol stops with beautiful precision, not a man an inch out of position. The Lieutenant salutes with great formality.

154 EXT. ALAMO - MED. - TRAVIS
After a moment he returns the salute. But he has a burning cigar in his hand.

155 THE PATROL - FULL
The Lieutenant takes a roll of parchment from the chest enclosure of his uniform and starts to read. Bowie translates for Travis.

LIEUTENANT (in Spanish)
From the headquarters of Generalissimo Antonio Lopez de Santa Anna, absolute ruler of Mexico. To the rebel commander who deems himself in command of the rebels occupying the Mission:

155 CONTINUED:

LIEUTENANT (cont'd)
Be it Known:

The Province of Mexico known as Texas has shown itself to be in active and treasonous revolt against the rule of Generalissimo Santa Anna.

The Generalissimo in his kindness issues the following order: All occupants of the Mission will leave at once, leaving all arms and ammunition behind them.

If this order is not followed with dispatch, the Generalissimo will reduce the Mission by assault. There will be no quarter given.

Signed: Antonio Lopez de Santa Anna, ruler of Mexico.

The Lieutenant finishes reading and looks up at Travis.

156 EXT. ALAMO - MED. - TRAVIS
His aristocratic face is immobile. Bowie and Crockett walk in behind him.

157 THE PATROL - FULL
The Lieutenant watches Travis for a moment, then speaks.

LIEUTENANT (in Spanish)
Your answer?

BOWIE
He wishes your answer.

158 EXT. ALAMO - MED. - TRAVIS
His face is still immobile. He reaches out with his cigar and touches it to the fuse of the cannon, which begins to sputter.

159 THE PATROL - FULL
They stand immobile and fearless as the cannon fizzes for a second. Then the cannon roars. The charge of grape goes over their heads. The horses curvet, but these fine horsemen have them instantly under control. The Lieutenant looks at the Mexican flag, which now hangs in tatters on its guidon. Then he gives Travis a long, fearless look, after which he salutes with great dignity and then gives a hand signal. His troop wheels around and they go down toward Bexar in a stiff, formal walk.

160 AT RAMPART - MED. FULL
As a few words of Spanish from the Lieutenant come over, Travis turns away.

BOWIE
He says he will convey your answer --

Travis turns and goes. Crockett looks after Travis, then speaks to Bowie.

CROCKETT
What do you think, Jim?

BOWIE (grudgingly)
I hate to say anything good about that long-winded jackanapes -- but he does know the short way to start a war.

Crockett laughs.

DISSOLVE TO:

161 ANGLES - ON BEXAR
More of Santa Anna's troops arriving.

DISSOLVE TO:

162 ANGLE - ON MEXICAN ENCAMPMENT - NIGHT
Campfires lit, men and horses moving about.

163 ANGLE - ALAMO WALL - NIGHT
Sentries, etc.

164 ANGLE - ON SENTRY
He suddenly peers off into the darkness and then hisses below.

SENTRY
Mounted men moving out there!

165 ANGLE - INTERIOR ALAMO GATE
Several of Travis' men as Sentries. One calls out through the closed gate.

SENTRY
Whose there? Speak up or duck your head.

Bowie comes into scene. From outside comes Seguins voice.

SEGUIN (o. s.)
It is Juan Seguin. I seek Jim Bowie.

BOWIE
A minute, Juan.

He starts to jerk out the bars from the gate. A Sentry moves to interfere.

SENTRY
Colonel Travis sai ---

BOWIE
(flinging Sentry aside)
Shut up!

He opens the gate. Seguin and perhaps fifteen mounted men file through. Most wear charro clothes.

SEGUIN
We came for you to command, Jim.

The horsemen cluster and start to dismount as Travis comes out on his porch. Both Bowie and Seguin look long enough to see him, but speak only to each other.

SEGUIN
Dozens more wanted to come with us but I would take only well-armed men -- and few had rifles.

165 CONTINUED

BOWIE
Fine.

He looks up at Travis as he speaks to Seguin.

BOWIE
Only fair to tell you this, Juan. I may decide to take my men out of this fort tomorrow. You may find yourself fighting up north -- a long way from your homes --

SEGUIN (shrugging)
You command us, Jim. If you command us to go north, we will go north.

Travis speaks from the porch.

TRAVIS
Welcome, Senor Seguin. We will have plenty of work for brave men.

SEGUIN
Thank you, Colonel Travis.

Travis goes. Bowie glares after him.

BOWIE
Double-crosser. When you expect an argument, he agrees. Come on, Juan. I'll pick a bivouac for your people.

DISSOLVE TO:

165A ANGLE ON TENNESSEANS (NIGHT)
As they sit around the fire in their area, and Smitty strikes up a song. At the end...

DISSOLVE TO:

166 ANGLE ON RISING FLAG (DAYBREAK)
As the flag rises, the music and the song segues into the bugle-call we will identify with the Alamo flag. CAMERA COMES DOWN from the flashing flag to the flag-raising detail just breaking from attention. Travis breaks his salute and turns toward his quarters as Dickinson turns to a patrol.

166 CONTINUED

DICKINSON
Detail -- Mount.

They mount and start out the gate. We identify some Tennesseans in the detail.

DISSOLVE

167 EXT. INSIDE ALAMO COMPOUND
A busy scene. The defenders are working hard to rebuild the run-down walls and ramparts. Bull and Pete tow their logs to where a sling has been arranged. They loose their ropes and tie the logs to the sling ropes. The logs are hoisted up on the wall.

168 ANGLE - ON WALL - BEEKEEPER AND GAMBLER
Near them a Texican stands at a long telescope. From time to time he looks through the telescope. Beekeeper and Gambler heave the repair log into place. The Texican steps away from the telescope to help them. As they work, Gambler happens to glance down into the compound.

GAMBLER
She's gonna do it again.

Instantly he and Beekeeper hop away from the log, leaving the Texican to hold the entire weight of the log. Gambler flips a coin.

BEEKEEPER
Heads.

GAMBLER
It's tails.

He seizes the telescope and happily looks down into the yard.

169 MATTE SHOT - GIRL
She is hanging clothes on a line and she is worth looking at.

170 ANGLE - ON BEEKEEPER, GAMBLER, TEXICAN
The Texican is straining under the weight of the log.

TEXICAN
Now look here, you Tennessee fellows hadn't ought to --

BEEKEEPER
Ain't you Texicans got no feel for the nicer things in life?

GAMBLER (sadly)
She's gone.

CONTINUED

170 CONTINUED

He and Beekeeper step back to help Texican with the log.

TEXICAN
Course, I ain't really sore at you Tennessee boys. It was sure nice of you to come into this fight. After all, it ain't yourn. Why'd you do it?

BEEKEEPER
We was bored with women and whiskey.

TEXICAN
You may get bored with bullet holes. See all them soldiers out there? Well, that ain't the half -- they say Santa Anna's got seven thousand.

Beekeeper looks worried as he works at the log.

BEEKEEPER
Gambler, maybe the odds is a bit too much for us, at that. Let's send for help.

GAMBLER
I'll send for my brother.

BEEKEEPER (satisfied)
That'll make it even.

TEXICAN (laughing)
You Tennessee lads talk so big you should ought to move down here to Texas.

170A ANGLE ON SMITTY

As he heaves a log onto his shoulder. Parson is working nearby.

PARSON
A minute, boy -- I'll give you a hand.

SMITTY
I can swing it.

He walks off. The Parson speaks to a nearby Tennessean.

170A CONTINUED

PARSON
That boy's a willing one.

170B MOVING ANGLE ON SMITTY
As he passes a cluster of working women, a young girl turns to throw a bucket of water into the drain from the creek. She hits Smitty squarely in the seat of the pants. Startled, he whirls, and the women have to duck from the passing pole. The girl is MELINDA DENNISON. Her mother sees this.

MELINDA
Oh, I'm terribly sorry!

Mrs. Dennison is a big frontierswoman.

MRS. DENNISON
Melinda -- you plumb ruint the boy's pants.

She grabs a cloth and starts to mop Smitty's rump. He's embarrassed enough to try to run, but she hangs onto him.

SMITTY
It's all right, ma'am.

MRS. DENNISON
Boy, maybe you better shuck out of them pants and --

MELINDA (horrified)
Mother! Goodness gracious, Mother.

SMITTY
No, ma'am!

He breaks loose and gets away.

MELINDA
Mother, how could you!

MRS. DENNISON
How could I? If he'd of tooken off them pants, I'd of --

Melinda runs.

170C MOVING ANGLE ON SMITTY
As he goes, Melinda runs in after him.

170C CONTINUED

MELINDA
I hope you'll excuse my mother -- and I hope you'll forgive me for wetting your -- uh!

SMITTY
Sure -- of course...Certainly... Any time you want to -- uh! --

MELINDA
Well -- Goodbye!

SMITTY
Goodbye.

As he turns, the swung pole conks her on the head. She staggers back. He drops the log.

SMITTY
Oh, gee -- I just turned and --

Beekeeper and Gambler have come in. Beekeeper steadies the girl.

BEEKEEPER
I don't think you're hurt, miss. Here, Smitty, kiss her and make her well.

Smitty starts in horror. The girl runs.

SMITTY
You shut up!

He watches the girl go, and then picks up his log.

BEEKEEPER
She sure is a pretty girl.

SMITTY
Don't you dare mention her! I don't aim to sass my elders, but what would your kind of man know about her kind of woman?

He goes.

GAMBLER
Beekeeper, that boy ain't too young to know the facts about your kind of man.

171 COMPOUND

Blind Nell is whacking at some corn or sugar cane with a machete, making them into cattle feed. Crockett, in passing, sees this.

CROCKETT
Ma'am, as long as you got that ax, would you cut this off...?
(he puts his foot up on table)
This here loose hunk's likely to trip me up.

She reaches out and, holding his foot, whacks off the string of deerskin. She holds out the loose piece. A kid comes in, takes the basket of feed, and begins to lead Nell out.

CROCKETT
Excuse me, ma'am -- you're blind?

NELL
As a bat.

She and the kid go, and Crockett looks at his foot, then faints.

171A ANGLE ON TRAVIS AND DICKINSON

(This is the same angle as Scene 173.)
Dickinson has a sheet of paper and pencil. Travis has a telescope.

TRAVIS
The Sixth Vera Cruzano Fusiliers are arriving.

He looks down to see that Dickinson writes. Then they exchange looks. Travis goes back to the 'scope.

TRAVIS
They are bivouacking a mile south of our west bastion.

171B ANGLE ON MEXICAN TROOPS

As they come into position.

172 ANGLE ON BOWIE

As Crockett comes in to him and Bowie starts to walk across the compound. We DOLLY with the two men and see all the activity in the background.

BOWIE
-- More troops arriving every hour.

CONTINUED 100A.

172 CONTINUED:

CROCKETT
Prettiest army I ever saw.

BOWIE
If I take my men out, do you go with me?

They walk a few steps in silence.

BOWIE
You've been in enough wars to know this old Mission can't stand in front of Santa Anna's army. My way's the only way.

CROCKETT
Fannin's coming, Travis says.

BOWIE
I wouldn't take Travis' word that nights dark and days bright.

They have come to the wall and start up the stair case.

173 EXT. WALL
Travis stands on the wall. Dickinson is a bit below him. Travis is looking off through glasses.

DICKINSON (quietly)
Bowie's coming -- with quarrel written all over him.

TRAVIS (also quietly)
I expected him about now.

Bowie and Crockett come up. Travis turns to look down at them.

TRAVIS
Gentlemen.

Bowie wastes no time.

173 CONTINUED:

BOWIE
Come dusk I'm taking my men out of this trap.

TRAVIS
And you, Crockett?

CROCKETT
I'm weighing the fors and agins.

BOWIE
I move at first dark.

TRAVIS
If so, you go against my orders. History will label you a traitor.

Dickinson gasps.

BOWIE
Let's forget what names history will call me. Do you dare now, personally, to put that name to me. And think before you speak, you prissy jackass, because your life hangs on your answer.

DICKINSON
Gentlemen. This is insane. Colonel Bowie, think. Fannin is on his way with reinforcements.

BOWIE
Who knows that? It's just hopeful gossip in my opinion.

TRAVIS
Fannin is coming. I give you my solemn word.

Bowie looks at him.

CONTINUED:

173 CONTINUED: (1)

BOWIE
As we came up here I was saying to Crockett, I wouldn't take your word that nights dark and days bright.

DICKINSON
Colonel Bow --

TRAVIS
Stop, Dick.

He looks at Bowie.

TRAVIS (con'td)
That of course cannot ever be apologized for, Colonel Bowie. I have no course of action left but to --

CROCKETT (dryly)
Man wearing out a good horse coming down that hill over there.

They all turn to look.

174 ANGLE - ON BONHAM
Riding hard, coming down the hill toward the Alamo.

175 ANGLE - ON TRAVIS, BOWIE, CROCKETT & DICKINSON

TRAVIS
It's Jim Bonham. I sent him to Fannin day before yesterday.
(he turns to Bowie)
I think our private matter can wait a bit, Bowie.

He starts down from the ramparts.

176 ANGLE - ON BONHAM
Coming toward the Alamo gate and through it.

DISSOLVE TO:

177 INT. TRAVIS COMMAND POST

Bonham is eating food which Mrs. Dickinson serves him. Travis, Bowie, Crockett and Dickinson are in scene. There is a map on the table beside Bonham, who eats as if starved.

BONHAM
Fannin's first troops should cross Arroyo Diablo late tomorrow afternoon. I came through there and there's water in it but not deep enough to make trouble. And he should be here the afternoon of the third day from now -- or by the latest the following morning.

TRAVIS
Are you satisfied, Bowie? Fannin is on his way with a thousand men -- or do you doubt Lt. Bonham's word?

BOWIE
Jim, I've known you since you were a tow-headed boy. A thousand men. Is that your guess -- or a real figure?

Bonham stops chewing to look at Bowie.

BONHAM
Colonel Fannin says about a thousand.

TRAVIS
If you will look out of the window, Bowie -- and you too, Colonel Crockett -- you will see that your men tend to slack off when not under your eyes. I suggest you stir them.

Bowie goes instantly, giving Mrs. Dickinson a short bow as he goes. Crockett stops long enough to take a piece of cake from the tray Mrs. Dickinson is bringing to the table.

CROCKETT
Ma'm, I'd sure get fatter if you fed me very long.

MRS. DICKINSON
Thank you, Colonel.

177 CONTINUED:

Crockett goes. Bonham continues to eat.

TRAVIS
You've done splendidly, Jim. Now you get some --

BONHAM
I don't feel good about this, Will. When you sent me, you told me I was to come back with the word Fannin had a thousand men no matter how many he actually had. Well, he's got only about five hundred and -- Mr. Bowie made me feel a liar..

Travis laughs easily.

TRAVIS
Five hundred, five hundred and we'll make out with that -- but a thousand sounds like such a round number. You get some sleep, Jim -- and then I want you to get back to Fannin. Keep him coming as fast as he can. You'll need another horse.
(he is starting out)
Take that fast bay mare of Dicks. I don't know a better mount in all of Texas.

He goes. Bonham resumes eating. Mrs. Dickinson stares after Travis.

MRS. DICKINSON
Will is always so generous. He gave away your horse without a regret.

DICKINSON
Now --

MRS. DICKINSON
Don't now me -- You'll need a fresh horse, Jim. Take Dicks.

DICKINSON (sharply)
That's enough, my dear.

177 CONTINUED:

She looks at him.

MRS. DICKINSON
Will Travis thinks the Almighty nominated him and him alone to do the thinking and deciding for every other human being on earth.

DICKINSON
I said that would be enough, my dear.

She whirls and exits as overhead **WE HEAR** the cannon on top of the church fire.

178 EXT. CHURCH ROOF
As the cannon is being reloaded and Bowie and Crockett come along to see what it was fired at.

CANNONEER
Our boys coming back.

Crockett and Bowie looks off.

179 ANGLE - ON ALAMO PATROL
Coming at a high lope while off to one side a small Mexican patrol parallels them. The Mexican patrol pulls off as they get within range of rifle-fire from the Alamo.

180 INT. ALAMO COMPOUND
As the patrol comes in. It is lead by a Bowie cohort named FINN. Crockett and Bowie are coming down the wall. The patrol dismounts.

BOWIE
What'd you see, Irish?

FINN
Lots of men arriving -- and they got the dam-blastedest cannon you ever did see. Like this.

He steps over to where a Blacksmith is working and takes a big hunk of smoking charcoal from the Blacksmith's forge. With it, in sweeping strokes, he draws the cannon on the white washed wall of the Alamo.

180 CONTINUED:

FINN
She's maybe twelve-fourteen feet long.

The gathering of defenders display amazement at this.

BEEKEEPER
He sure draws pretty, don't he?

CROCKETT
Frightening. Twelve-fourteen feet long. You sure, Irish?

Travis has come out on the balcony.

TRAVIS
Finn!

They all look up.

TRAVIS (icily)
You were ordered to make a report to me, Finn. Not to hold lecture courses. Get up here.

FINN
Alright, Will -- er, Colonel Travis.

He goes to the stairs and starts up.

BEEKEEPER
Hey, Travis. With a cannon like that these Santa Anna fellas can just stand off and give us what for, huh?

TRAVIS
There is no such cannon on the North American continent -- though they have some in Europe, according to the last reports. Acting - Lieutenant Finn is exaggerating.

With that, Wham! A shell knocks a hole in an Alamo building. All look and then rush for the walls.

181 ANGLE - ON SEIGE CANNON
It is being reloaded. And it is exactly as Finn's drawing revealed. The Mexican crew gets it ready.

182 ANGLE - ALAMO WALL
Crowded with defenders. With about half a dozen sets of glasses being passed from hand to hand, all have got a look at the cannon. Travis, dark-faced, turns from the wall and goes toward his quarters.

BEEKEEPER
Well, boys, I'm glad I seen that there cannon out there on the prairie. For a minute I was worried they was shooting at us all the way from one of them old countries in Europe.

The Tennesseans chortle.

182A ANGLE ON TRAVIS

TRAVIS
Battery One -- is your gun ready?

182B ANGLE ON GUN EMPLACEMENT

GUNNER
Primed and ready, sir.

182C ANGLE ON TRAVIS

TRAVIS
Answer the enemy fire.

182D ANGLE ON GUN EMPLACEMENT

GUNNER
Yes, sir.

He steps forward and touches off the piece.

183 ANGLE - FAVORING ALAMO CANNON
As it fires at the seige cannon in the distance.

184 ANGLE - ON SEIGE CANNON
As we see the Alamo's shell fall far short, the seige cannon fires.

185 ANGLE - ON ALAMO BUILDING
As the shell hits.

DISSOLVE TO

186 ANGLE - ON BENCH
On the bench is a keg of whiskey and an hourglass. Mrs. Dickinson and Lisa come in from one direction as Beekeeper and Crockett come from another. Crockett swings Lisa up to his shoulder.

LISA
When is the next boom?

CROCKETT
Beekeeper here, times the cannon fire.

CONTINUED

186 CONTINUED:

BEEKEEPER
(explaining to Mrs. Dickinson)
Yes'm. Takes them seventeen minutes to load and get ready. This here hour-glass tells us. Davy, better take the lady and lass over to the wall. One minute to go.

Crockett takes the Dickinsons over to a wall. Beekeeper watches the hour glass, then reaches out and rings a bell.

187 BIG ANGLE - ALAMO COMPOUND
As all the working parties seek cover. And, right on cue, WHAM, the shell lands in one of the buildings. Immediately the workers resume work. But first all the Tennesseans line up alongside Beekeeper and take a belt from the keg. Each man is allowed to drink while Beekeeper counts to three.

BEEKEEPER
One, two, three --

He snatches the keg, grabs a quick sip and passes it to the next man.

MAN
Yore cheating.

BEEKEEPER
My keg, ain't it?

188 ANGLE - ON CROCKETT AND THE DICKINSONS
As they come to the stairs and Crockett sets Lisa on the stairs. She runs up.

CROCKETT
You should not have come into the fort, Mrs. Dickinson.

MRS. DICKINSON
I believe a wifes place is with her husband, Colonel.

He gives her a sudden grin.

217-A ANGLE - ON TENNESSEANS
They are drinking and Beekeeper is strumming a guitar as Crockett comes in and goes to where there are a few jugs of whiskey. He picks up one of the jugs. Cotton sings. (The song number as picked by Tiomkin.)

DISSOLVE TO:

218 INT. CROCKETT'S ROOM - NIGHT
Crockett and Bowie sit beside a table in Crockett's quarters drinking out of mugs. Suddenly Bowie falls backward in a crashing heap, out cold. Crockett rises.

CROCKETT
Like you say, Jim. I couldn't get you drunk.

And he falls face forward on top of Bowie, extinguishing the light as he falls. Two giant sets of snores tear the silent room.

DISSOLVE TO:

219 EXT. CROCKETT'S DOOR - MORNING

Crockett and Bowie come out the door. Both walk like zombies. They go to a horse trough and immerse their heads two or three times. Then they sit on the edge of the trough. Finally,

BOWIE
Crockett?

CROCKETT
I guess you mean me.

BOWIE
You can't talk me out of anything.

CROCKETT
Sure can't get you drunk. Tried as hard as I could.
(he sees something off)
Come on.

Bowie walks with him and they come to where Dr. Grant is dressing Cotton's wound.

COTTON
Morning, Colonel Davy -- and Col -- uh, Jim.

CROCKETT
Boy, you got yourself famous -- every place anybody talks about Jim Bowie they'll have to tell about the good man that pulled him out from under those troops.

COTTON
Gee! -- Will they?

CROCKETT
Jim, say goodbye to the boy.

Cotton looks at Bowie.

COTTON
You going someplace, Colo-uh-er-Jim?

219 CONTINUED:

Bowie grits his teeth.

BOWIE
No -- no place -- that's Crockett's idea of a joke. Get well, Cotton boy. -- Come with me, Crockett.

He starts off, Crockett following. We move with them. Bowie goes into a door in the wall.

220 INT. ROOM

As Bowie enters, Crockett doesn't understand Bowie's sudden purposefulness. He will soon because Bowie closes the door, and then turns and knocks Crockett into a somersault. Crockett gets to his feet, feeling a tender jaw.

BOWIE
Crockett, don't you ever try to make a fool of me again.

Crockett massages his jaw.

CROCKETT
Once is enough. I wonder if there'd be a mouthful of that corn juice left -- sort of cut the tar out of our throats.

BOWIE
Great idea.

Crockett stops to take a letter from his gear and also pencil and paper. He hands the pencil and paper to Bowie.

CROCKETT
Figure you can steady your hand well enough to draw a map that a fellow could follow to get him to San Jacinto?

BOWIE
Sure.

He puts the paper down and would start to write but his head hurts.

220 CONTINUED:

BOWIE
Have to have it right this minute?

CROCKETT
Pretty quick. I'm sending that cotton-headed boy out of the Alamo -- with this letter to Houston. I'm glad I wrote it yesterday because I don't know could I write my name with a stick on the Great American Desert this morning.

BOWIE
What have you got to say to Old Sam?

CROCKETT
Tell him I'm here -- and what the tally is.

Bowie is drawing but he looks up.

BOWIE
You're here alright -- How come? What brought you?

CROCKETT
Some long talks I had with Old Sam in Washington.

BOWIE
-- I guess you also figure this will get that boy out of this death trap.

Crockett shrugs.

BOWIE
You're a good man, Davy --

He continues sketching.

DISSOLVE TO:

221 INT. ALAMO - MAIN GATE

A mounted party ready to sally out. A dozen horsemen ride by and we follow them over to the small gate and see that they are ready to make an excursion from that gate. Camera continues to move to a group on the far wall. Here we see Bowie and Crockett and Cotton. A half dozen other men are letting a slung horse down into a clump of brush on the back wall of the Alamo.

COTTON
Colonel Davy -- can I ask you something face to face?

CROCKETT
Sure thing, boy.

COTTON
You really sending me because I'm such a good horsemen, like you said?

CROCKETT
As I live and breathe, that's why.

COTTON
It ain't because you think I wouldn't be worth my salt when the fighting starts?

Bowie slaps the boys shoulder.

BOWIE
Cotton, of all the men in this mission, I'd pick you to side me if the going was rough --

COTTON
Gee!

CROCKETT
You see!

Gambler, who was one of those letting down the horse, turns to give Cotton a silver dollar.

221 CONTINUED:

GAMBLER
Carry my two-headed coin, partner.

COTTON
Your lucky piece!

CROCKETT
Got the map and letter safe?
Well, over you go.

They let Cotton down. As they lean over we can see him loose the slings on the horse. The horse is an easily identifiable pinto. Cotton starts to mount and looks up and waves.

222 ANOTHER ANGLE - THE TENNESSEANS
As they wave down to their messenger of Thermopolye.

223 ANGLE - ON CROCKETT AND TENNESSEANS
As Crockett fires his gun.

224 BIG ANGLE - ON ALAMO
As in response to Crockett's signal, every cannon atop the wall fires. Both gates open and the mounted men sally out.

225 ANGLE - ON MEXICAN CAVALRY UNITS
Springing to horse, as their bugles sound the alarm.

226 ANGLE - ON MEXICAN ARTILLERY
Firing back.

227 ANGLE - ON MEXICAN INFANTRY
Running for their stacked arms and falling into formation.

228 HUGE ANGLE - THE PLAIN
This is the big area outside the Alamo. We see now that the whole thing was a distraction. The mounted men gallop toward the Mexican guns and the Mexican Cavalry races toward them. But then, the mounted Texicans turn back toward the Alamo. The Mexican Cavalry follows them up to within gunshot range and pulls away. The Alamo defenders gallop back into the Mission, laughing as they come.

229 ANGLE - ON MEXICAN COMMAND TENT
An officer barks an order and three buglers blow Recall.

230 ANGLE - THE PLAIN
As the Mexicans retire to their posts.

231 ANGLE - ON CROCKETT AND TENNESSEANS
As they watch Cotton in the distance.

232 ANGLE - ON COTTON
Riding hard through brush and obviously out of danger.

233 ANGLE ON CROCKETT AND TENNESSEANS
As all recognize that Cotton is out of danger. The Tennesseans go past Crockett and Bowie. Most of the Tennesseans in passing, slap Crockett on the back as they go by, approving of the saving of the boy.

BOWIE
Only good thing thats happened in a week of Sundays.

The Parson is the only Tennessean left. He hears this.

PARSON
Davy always does the right thing, but then he denies why he did it.

CROCKETT
The Parson here is bound and determined to save my soul -- but I always been so busy saving my skin I never had time for the other. I was thinking of sending you off with the boy, Old man.

PARSON
I wish to stay, Davy. Death has a place in an old mans plans -- none in that boys.

Irish Finn comes in to them.

FINN
Jim! -- you too, Davy. Travis wants everybody in his quarters.

DISSOLVE TO: 124

234 INT. TRAVIS' QUARTERS

Travis, Dickinson, Dr. Grant and two or three others are in scene as Bowie, Crockett and Finn enter. Travis rises.

TRAVIS
Dr. Grant will speak first.
Doctor!

Grant rises.

GRANT
It's simple. I had eleven cases of mild dysentery this morning. I tested the barrel of salt pork from which the ration was issued. It is tainted. So is every barrel in the warehouse.

TRAVIS
Sergeant Glen.

The indicated man rises.

GLEN
Barring the pork, we can't serve more than two days full rations to the garrisons.

TRAVIS
You see the dilemma, gentlemen. We are almost out of food. However, Santa Anna's army does not suffer under the same handicap. Therefore, our course is obvious. You will pay strict attention to this map.

He goes to a map pinned on the wall.

DISSOLVETO:

235 EXT. RIVER BOTTOM - NIGHT
As a bivouaced Mexican contingent whiles away the dark hours in b.g., with music and dancing, a party of Alamo people file silently through the water in dark foreground. Each man passing leads a horse.

236 ANOTHER ANGLE
A party on foot working its way through the darkness.

237 ANOTHER ANGLE
To establish the same fact; that the Alamo parties are working their way through the Mexican encampment.

238 ANGLE - ON LARGE GROUP OF ALAMO PEOPLE
Huddled in the darkness, looking off toward a Mexican bivouac. Travis and some men on foot are there, also Bowie with some men leading horses.

TRAVIS (quietly)
We will need light for the rearguard action. Light and the blessing of the Almighty. At the first ray of sunlight my party will fire in volley -- that will be the signal for the action to begin. You understand.

BOWIE
Of course.

TRAVIS
One thing more -- all hear this. If I do not survive this action, you command, Bowie.

BOWIE (sourly)
Travis, you --

TRAVIS
That is all, Colonel. Go to your designated post.

He turns away to peep at the Mexican encampment. Bowie and his men go off in the darkness.

239 ANGLE - ON MEXICAN ENCAMPMENT - DAY
This is an effect shot. The sleeping Mexicans are in darkness as is the hill behind them. The first light shows up on the edge of the hill top.

240 ANGLE - ON TRAVIS
Looking off toward the first sun. He raises a hand.

241 ANGLE - ON MEXICAN ENCAMPMENT
As the first sun begins to steal down on the sleeping men.

242 ANGLE - ON TRAVIS
His hand upraised. His face is in darkness but the creeping sun crawls down past his hat brim and lights his face just as he brings down his hand. Behind him twenty rifles speak.

243 ANGLE - ON MEXICAN BIVOUAC
As the fire pours on them and they panic.

244 ANGLE - ON MEXICAN CAVALRY UNIT
Also bivouaced. As a band of Alamo people charge out of the brush darkness and gallop through the encampment, stampeding the picketed horses and men.

245 ANGLE - ON BEXAR BACK STREET
Here is a corral full of longhorns and a strung-out supply train. Bowie and Crockett's party are rampaging in the dark street as they throw a few supply guards into flight and at the same time loose the longhorns and start the supply train rolling.

246 thru 316 BIG ANGLE - THE PLAIN
Here in daybreak we see the capture of the supply train and cattle.

THERE ARE SOME SEVENTY SHOTS OUTLINED IN A PRODUCTION DEPARTMENT BULLETIN WHICH LAYS OUT, IN AS DETAILED AN OUTLINE AS POSSIBLE, THE FOLLOWING ACTION WHICH TAKES PLACE: ONE OF THE ALAMO RAIDING PARTIES JUMPS UP AN ARTILLERY EMPLACEMENT AND FIRES THE AMMUNITION LIMBERS. THE HORSES CHARGE WILDLY ABOUT THE PLAIN WITH THE EXPLODING LIMBERS BEHIND THEM, CAUSING UTMOST CONFUSION. BOWIE AND CROCKETT'S PARTY RACE FOR THE ALAMO, DRIVING THE STAMPEDING LONGHORNS AHEAD OF THE SUPPLY WAGONS. AS THE MEXICANS BEGIN TO BRING SOME ORDER OUT OF

246 thru 316 CONTINUED:

THE CHAOS AND GET SOME MOUNTED PARTIES INTO THE CHASE, THEY FIND THAT THEIR CHASE PARTIES RUN INTO THE STRATEGICALLY PLACED INFANTRY WHICH TRAVIS HAS LOCATED OVER THE SCRUBBY PLAIN BEFORE THE ALAMO. FINALLY, SUFFERING ONLY SMALL LOSS, THE ALAMO PEOPLE RETURN TO THE ALAMO WITH THE CATTLE AND SUPPLY WAGONS. THE LAST PURSUING MEXICANS ARE KEPT AT A DISTANCE BY THE CONCENTRATED FIRE FROM THE WALLS OF THE ALAMO AS TRAVIS, THE LAST MAN BACK THROUGH THE GATES, PAUSES TO LIGHT A CIGAR BEFORE WALKING BACK IN.

317 INT. ALAMO COMPOUND - DAY

It is a joyous scene, as the defenders come down from the walls, as the Mexican troops retire. The people begin to store the captured supplies and ammunition and to herd the cattle into the corral. Crockett and Bowie are off to one side as Travis goes through the compound up to his quarters, still smoking the cigar he so coolly lit while under fire.

CROCKETT
I told you the little fellow's a bear-cat for nerve.

BOWIE
I'm grateful for that. I shouldn't enjoy looking at a coward over a dueling pistol.

CROCKETT
You ain't much for that forgive and forget business are you, Jim?

BOWIE
No.

A little colored boy we have seen around the Dickinsons comes into scene. He makes a sweeping bow. His name is HAPPY SAM.

HAPPY
Gentlemen, you is invited, I'm to say.

317 CONTINUED:

BOWIE
What's this, Happy?

HAPPY
You and Colonel Crockett, Miz Dickinson say, is invited to the birthday party. Miss Lisa's birthday. There's going to be cake.

DISSOLVE TO:

318 INT. ALAMO COMPOUND - ANGLE ON HAPPY AND LISA
As Happy comes out of the Dickinson quarters, carrying a cake. He is being herded by little Lisa.

HAPPY
But your ma ain't going to like this.

LISA
Over there.

She herds him to where a bunch of Tennesseans loiter about Beekeeper, who is plinking his guitar.

BEEKEEPER
What's up, young un?

LISA
It's my birthday.

She hands him a piece of cake.

HAPPY (unhappy)
Honey, this cake just ain't going to hold out.

Lisa continues to hand out pieces of cake to the defenders. Mrs. Dickinson comes running up.

MRS. DICKINSON
Lisa --

318 CONTINUED:

She sees what's going on. To the men.

MRS. DICKINSON
We had only enough for a small family party.

But the Tennesseans have solved the difficulty and made the cake inexhaustible. They have formed a circle and as the baby gives away a piece of cake, that man circles surreptitiously to sneak it back on the plate. Lisa's happy, as she gives away a hundred and fifty slices of cake.

BEEKEEPER
Tell you what, Missy -- I'll sing you a song we sing to youngsters back home.

He does so, as she passes out cake. Through this, Bowie, Crockett, Dickinson and almost everyone except the Sentries on the wall, have joined the group. Beekeeper finishes. Parson steps forward to take both of Lisa's hands.

PARSON
And a lady should dance on her birthday. Beekeeper, play, "Possum In The Corner."

Beekeeper does and they dance, the tiny child and the big ancient man. They finish.

LISA
Now my daddy will sing: (Dimitri Tiomkin's number).

Dickinson laughs. When Travis speaks he means it. He isn't solemn about it. It's just that it does seem incongruous for a soldier to stand in the middle of a fort and sing a nursery rhyme. Mrs. Dickinson is a bit too quick to make something out of it.

TRAVIS (picking up Lisa)
Now honey, you wouldn't want your daddy to sing that. Not here in front of everybody. He'll sing that when you're tucked in bed.

318 CONTINUED:

Mrs. Dickinson takes the child from him.

MRS. DICKINSON (sharply)
Why shouldn't he sing it?

She looks directly at Dickinson, who looks at Travis and then at her. In a way it's a small act of insubordination, as he steps forward and in a rather pleasing baritone voice sings the Dimitri Tiomkin number. First Beekeeper and then others take it up until we have all the defenders, except Travis, singing the nursery rhyme. Travis goes off to the ramparts.

319 ANGLE - ON MEXICAN UNIT
As they look toward the fort, with the singing coming over from the distance.

320 BIG ANGLE - ALAMO COMPOUND
As all sing.

DISSOLVE TO:

321 ANGLE - ON TRAVIS - NIGHT
As he looks off at the Mexican encampment. A Sentry comes into foreground.

SENTRY
Colonel Travis -- men moving outside.

Travis goes quickly.

DISSOLVE TO:

322 ANGLE - ON AQUEDUCT - NIGHT
This is the small duct which brings water into the Alamo through the Mission wall. Some defenders stand about and with them are a couple of dripping men. As we watch, we see why they are wet. A man suddenly pops up from the water. The bystanders fish him out. Then another man pops up and then another.

323 ANGLE - ON TRAVIS AND SENTRY - NIGHT
On the wall. As Travis stops to watch this, Denning explains from below.

DENNING
Some fellows sneaked in from Goliad -- there's maybe a couple dozen more outside.

Travis looks over the wall.

324 ANGLE - ON NEWCOMERS - NIGHT
They are huddled against the wall where the aqueduct passes through the opening. We see a man grab his nose and dive into the aqueduct. Obviously he passes through.

325 ANGLE - ON AQUEDUCT - NIGHT
Inside the wall, as the man we saw on the other side emerges. Willing hands pull him to his feet.

MAN
First time I ever swum to a fight --

DENNING
And got to it just in time.

An unidentified voice from the background speaks up just as Travis enters.

VOICE
Might not be no fight. If Fannin don't make it pretty soon, Jim Bowie's taking us out of here.

Travis whirls toward the voice and comes down.

TRAVIS
What man said that?

There is silence as if the man is going to remain hidden. But then a MAN shoves forward.

325 CONTINUED:

TEXICAN
I guess I oughtn't be afraid to be seen saying anything I might say, Colonel Travis. That's the way it is. No Fannin, no us. Jim Bowie says that.

TRAVIS
You men from Goliad better get yourselves dried up. Denning, see that they have dry powder and anything else they need.

He turns and walks off through the forming-up evacuees.

DISSOLVE TO:

326 ANGLE - ON DICKINSON AND LISA - NIGHT
As Dickinson carries the sleeping baby to her quarters.

DISSOLVE TO:

327 ANGLE - ON SENTRIES - NIGHT
They are just inside the main gate. They are alerted by a sound from outside. An obviously Mexican voice calls in.

VOICE
Do not shoot. I bring message. Do not shoot.

A tall Mexican sombrero sails over the gate.

VOICE
For Jeem Bowie -- for Jeem Bowie. Message from hees familee.

Beekeeper goes and gets the hat. There is a letter in it. Beekeeper goes with the hat.

328 ANGLE - ON BOWIE AND CROCKETT - NIGHT
They sit in an artillery embrasure on the rampart. Near a burning flambeau, Beekeeper's head appears above the level of the rampart.

328 CONTINUED:

BEEKEEPER
For you, Bowie -- Fella brung it.

Bowie takes the pouch and removes a letter from it.

CROCKETT (to Beekeeper)
Back to your post.

BEEKEEPER
Aye, Davy.

Bowie is stricken by the contents of the letter.

CROCKETT
Ain't good news, I kin see.

BOWIE
Never thought the night could be so dark.

CROCKETT
Woman?

BOWIE
My wife. She's dead.

CROCKETT
I lived through that -- It's hard.

BOWIE
She was so small. Tiny -- and she wanted to stay in Bexar -- to be near me. But I was afraid of the plague -- so I forced her to go to Cohuila -- far away. She died there -- from the plague.

CROCKETT
My man, the Parson -- kind of a preacher. He keeps saying, little do we mortals know. Hold your head up, Jim.

328 CONTINUED: (1)

Travis enters.

TRAVIS
Colonel Bowie, you have received a communication from outside the walls. This is against my orders. What intelligence have you received?

BOWIE
You may die tonight.

TRAVIS
Colonel Bowie, hand me that letter.

Bowie draws the famous knife. Crockett steps in, facing him.

CROCKETT
Jim, that lady -- she wouldn't like it.

Bowie hands the letter to Crockett and walks into the background, where he sits on a stair under a flambeau. Crockett hands the letter to Travis, who reads it. Once it's read, Travis walks directly to Bowie.

TRAVIS
Colonel Bowie, my profoundest sympathy -- and my regrets for having disturbed you in such a moment.

BOWIE
Thank you, sir.

TRAVIS
This in no way impairs your right to call me on the field of honor at a later date --
(gently)
But I wish to express my sorrow for you in this moment and present my apologies for being a boor at such a time.

328 CONTINUED: (2)

Bowie looks up at him.

BOWIE
Travis, you can't help being you and I can't help being me. Good night.

Travis goes. Crockett watches Bowie.

DISSOLVE TO:

329 EXT. HILLTOP - DAYBREAK
The hilltop is silhouetted against a dark sky. A few lancers pass over the top of the hill, then more, then more.

330 ANGLE - ON SENTRIES - DAYBREAK
A couple of Sentries on the Alamo wall. The first rays of sun fall on them. One Sentry sends the other off with a gesture.

331 ANGLE - ON HILLTOP
Brighter now. More colorful command units arriving.

332 ANGLE - ON TRAVIS' WINDOW
As a Sentry trots in and knocks on the window.

SENTRY
Colonel -- Colonel -- something big stirring on the hill.

Travis' voice comes out.

TRAVIS
Be there in a minute.

333 ANGLE - ON HILLTOP
More and more units.

334 ANGLE - ON ALAMO WALL
As Travis, Bowie, Crockett and others come in to look off at the hilltop.

335 ANGLE - ON HILLTOP
As dramatically, Santa Anna rides over the hill, followed by a few aides.

336 ANGLE - ON ALAMO WALL
The defenders are impressed.

CROCKETT
Must be the big he-buffalo himself.

TRAVIS
General of Generals, his title is.

BOWIE
Santa Anna.

337 ANGLE - ON HILLTOP
A command tent is going up.

338 ANGLE - ON ALAMO WALL
They watch.

TRAVIS
Order all the men fed in relays -- full issue of ammunition. Today is the day.

As they go down from the wall.

DISSOLVE TO:

339 EXT. BEXAR PLAINS
As the same cavalry patrol, led by the same fearless Lieutenant, comes up to the Alamo wall under a flag of truce.

340 EXT. ALAMO WALL
Crockett and Bowie

CROCKETT
That lad's not scared anyway. Was it me I'd figure Travis might sight the cannon lower this time.

341 EXT. ALAMO

As the cavalry patrol draws up again, as fearless and as precise as before. Travis is on the wall and Bowie comes to stand beside him. The Lieutenant unrolls his parchment message. Bowie translates as the Lieutenant reads.

LIEUTENANT (in Spanish)
Generalissimo Santa Anna has just arrived with the main body of his army and has only now become aware that there are women and children in the Mission. He wishes that the ladies receive his apologies and be informed his forces have never attacked a position without the enemy being given the opportunity to evacuate women and children. Accordingly, you have one hour in which to evacuate these non-combatants who will be provided with transport to proceed to such destination as is their choice. Your answer.

TRAVIS
My compliments to General Santa Anna. We will evacuate our non-combatants.

The cavalry patrol turns and goes back toward Bexar at the same unfrightened pace as before.

DISSOLVE TO:

342 ANGLE - ON ALAMO COMPOUND

As the non-combatants form up to go out of the fort in column. The scene is one of much milling about, men kissing families goodbye, etc.

343 ANGLE - ON MRS. DICKINSON

She stands on the stairway. Dickinson is below her. Travis comes down the stairs.

TRAVIS (in passing)
You'd better hurry, Sue.

DICKINSON
She won't go.

343 CONTINUED:

Travis turns to look at her.

MRS. DICKINSON
Save your breath, Will -- your-ever-so-persuasive breath.

She turns and goes to her quarters. Travis and Dickinson watch her go.

DICKINSON
Say it -- say it -- it's a sorry man who can't make a wife obey.

TRAVIS
You forget that I too am married.

He walks out into the compound.

TRAVIS
Alright -- open the gate.

Soldiers start to open the gate and the evacuees start to file through.

344 ANGLE - ON ALAMO GATE
From the outside, as the evacuees start out onto the plain.

345 INT. DICKINSON'S QUARTERS
As Mrs. Dickinson comes through a hall into a room where Lisa sleeps. She picks up the sleeping child and then goes to look out the window. We can see evacuees passing outside the window. Mrs. Dickinson hears or senses something behind the curtained closet. She pulls the drape aside. Happy Sam is there, huddled up.

MRS. DICKINSON
Happy Sam. You must go with the people.

He plunges out of the enclosure to bury his face in her skirt.

345 CONTINUED:

HAPPY SAM
Missus, don't make me go. I'd be afraid out there.

Mrs. Dickinson sits down with the child in her lap. The little colored boy kneels with his head alongside the sleeping infant. She opens a Bible.

MRS. DICKINSON
Now I lay me down in green pastures - etc.

346 ANGLE - ON PLAIN
As the long line of evacuees string out of the Alamo and then turn North.

347 ANGLE - ON MEXICAN COMMAND POST
Watching.

348 ANGLE - ON ALAMO WALL
Defenders watching.

349 ANGLE - ON MEXICAN COMMAND POST
An officer hurries out of Santa Anna's tent and barks a command. A contingent of buglers snap to attention, raise their bugles and begin to sound a call.

350 ANGLE - ON ALAMO WALL

TRAVIS
Every man to his post.

351 ANGLES - ON MEXICAN ARMY
As various contingents wheel about, preparatory to the charge. Then:

352 THE FIRST ASSAULT
thru
432 THERE IS A PRODUCTION DEPARTMENT BULLETIN WITH EIGHTY-ODD SET-UP NUMBERS ASSIGNED TO THE FIRST ASSAULT, AND ARTISTS SKETCHES OF MOST OF THESE SET-UPS. NATURALLY, MORE SET-UPS MAY BE USED DURING SHOOTING. WHAT HAPPENS IS EXACTLY WHAT

352 thru 432 CONTINUED:

HAPPENED HISTORICALLY. SANTA ANNA HURLED THREE THOUSAND MEN AT THE ALAMO IN THE FIRST ASSAULT AND LEFT OVER EIGHT HUNDRED DEAD BEFORE THE WALLS. MORE THAN TWO HUNDRED INFANTRY WERE KILLED IN THE FIRST TWO MINUTES OF THE BATTLE WHEN A CAVALRY CHARGE FOLLOWED THE INFANTRY ASSAULT AND BY SOME MIX-UP OF ORDERS, COLLIDED WITH THE INFANTRY REGIMENT.

INSIDE THE ALAMO WERE TWENTY ODD CASUALTIES. AT THE END OF FIVE HOURS, THE MEXICAN BUGLERS SOUNDED RECALL.

DISSOLVE TO:

433 EXT. PLAIN

As Mexican camp followers come out to pick up the dead and wounded. There is plenty of work for them because eight hundred men lay dead as well as innumerable horses. The plain is littered with the wreckage of equipment.

434 ANGLE - ON ALAMO WALL

A defender is looking down his rifle when Travis barks at him.

TRAVIS
Put up that weapon. Commanders! Order your men not to fire on the aid parties.

He walks to a higher place and looks about the Alamo.

TRAVIS (loud)
Well, men!

A cheer goes up. They have won a tough one. Crockett turns to Beekeeper.

CROCKETT
See did any of our boys get hurt. I'll be below getting washed on the outside and wet down inside.

Beekeeper goes one way, Crockett the other.

DISSOLVE TO: 141

435 EXT. SAM HOUSTON'S COMMAND AREA
Recruits drilling, etc. In b.g., is Houston's command post.

436 ANGLE - ON COTTON
As he comes over a hilltop and sees Houston's Area. He rides toward it.

DISSOLVE TO:

437 INT. HOUSTON'S COMMAND QUARTERS
Cotton stands off to one side as officers file into the tent. When the last one is in, Houston rises.

HOUSTON
Gentlemen. Yesterday I read you a report from Travis which his courier brought. Today I have had a letter from Davy Crockett, brought by this young man. There are now over five thousand enemy troops outside the Mission de Los Alamos -- the defenders number one hundred and fifty three. This army cannot spare them one single reinforcement. Fannin cannot get there in time and if he could his force is too weak to be of use. Now, when your recruits complain about how hard we are drilling them, tell them that one hundred and fifty three men are holed up in a crumbling church down on the Rio Grande buying the time by which they live. The time by which Texas may live. That's all!

They start to file out but Houston has an afterthought, which is more a plea to the Almighty.

HOUSTON
I wonder if Texas will remember these men! -- I wonder if the world will!

The officers are exiting. Houston has forgotten Cotton.

COTTON
General, sir.

437 CONTINUED:

Houston looks at him.

COTTON
That's the message you want me to take back. That there ain't no help coming.

HOUSTON
No, boy. You're not to go back. No point in it. Captain Marlow -- see that this young soldier gets food and good quarters.

The indicated Captain signs to Cotton and goes out, Cotton following. Houston turns to an Aide at a desk nearby.

HOUSTON
Everytime I lose faith I meet a boy like that one there, and I believe again.

438 EXT. COMMAND POST
As the Captain and Cotton come out. Cotton's pinto horse is ground-tied nearby.

CAPTAIN
Catch up your horse, son. I'll take you over to my quarters.

Cotton picks up the reins and walks a few steps beind the Captain. Then he suddenly whirls, vaults into the saddle and kicks the horse past the startled Captain. The Captain stands, watching, while Cotton races out of scene.

DISSOLVE TO:

439 ANGLE - ON PLAIN
As the Mexican medical parties and the camp followers move around the battlefield.

440 ANGLE - ON GAMBLER AND BULL
As Crockett comes into them. He has cleaned up.

GAMBLER
Most all the people have run off from Bexar -- but there's hundreds of women out there. Where'd they come from?

CROCKETT
Follow the army. They don't have a commissary -- their women come along to cook for them and --

BULL (enthusiastically)
That's the civilizedest way of having a war I ever heard of. These Mexicans seem pretty smart to me.

CROCKETT
Me, too.

Beekeeper sticks his head up from the ladder.

BEEKEEPER
Davy -- the Parson -- None of the others is hurt to speak of except Joe Pickens -- got hisself shot dead through the head, but I don't guess that hurt -- but Parson -- well, Davy, his lifes just dreening away.

They go.

DISSOLVE TO:

441 INT. HOSPITAL
This is the church. It is full of wounded. Mrs. Dickinson helps Dr. Grant. Parson is laying on a pallet at the foot of a standing crucifix, as the Tennesseans enter. The Parson smiles at them.

PARSON
Boys -- Ah, Davy.

441 CONTINUED:

Davy looks at Dr. Grant, who shakes his head. Where Davy stands the feet of the Figure on the crucifix come down into scene.

DAVY
Laying there to get out of your share of work are you, old man?

The old man grins at the levity.

PARSON
I'm glad you come, Davy. I want to thank you -- from the bottom of my heart I want to thank you.

CROCKETT
Thank me?

PARSON
Ah, Davy. I've seen the world because of you. Seventy years I lived in a small settlement -- and then you brung me here -- to see a far country. I always wanted to travel, Davy -- but I always had to stay home -- there was always a child to raise and then grandchildren and it was like a Divine gift when you said come along if you want to, old man. But don't do any praying over me. That's what you said, remember, Davy?

Crockett has a hard time with his voice.

CROCKETT
I remember.

PARSON
That's all, Davy. I wanted you to know I was grateful.

441 CONTINUED: (1)

And he dies. Dr. Grant steps in to look down at him and then looks at Crockett. The Tennesseans all look at Crockett. Crockett has to look somewhere so he looks up and there above him is the Carpenter of Galilee. Suddenly, with a gesture that is almost rough, Crockett jerks off his hat. He speaks up.

CROCKETT
Sir, we haven't had many conversations. I only thought to ask for help when I was in a tight, like a little boy hollering for his Pa -- but I want to ask for something. I brought these men down here without asking them did they want a piece of this war. That's a failing I can't get over, deciding for others. So, sir, if your stick should float that way and you could see it clear to let these men live past this battle, I'd be thankful. Because, they are good men. All.

There is a silence. Crockett replaces his hat and turns away. The Tennesseans follow him out.

442 EXT. CHURCH
As the Tennesseans come out, all of them pass Davy and hit him reassuring slaps.

BEEKEEPER
Davy.

Crockett looks at him.

BEEKEEPER
People catch cold and die every day of the week.

He goes and Crockett stands there watching the Tennesseans go off. He smiles.

DISSOLVE TO: 146

443 EFFECT SHOT
A huge angle with the Alamo and the Mexican troops around it.

444 ANGLE - ON COTTON
Hidden in brush, looking toward the Alamo. He has the reins of the pinto horse. He starts to move but hears something off and freezes. He ties the horse and goes cautiously toward the sound.

445 ANGLE - ON BONHAM
Collapsed in a heap of brush. He is badly wounded. His uniform is torn and blood stained. Cotton comes in to kneel beside him. Bonham weakly tries to lift his pistol but Cotton takes it from his hand.

COTTON
You're that fellow who went to Fannin --

BONHAM
Bonham -- Fannin isn't coming -- destroyed.

Cotton looks up and off at the Alamo.

COTTON
General Houston, he can't help either --

BONHAM
Take word -- Travis --

COTTON
Maybe I can pack you in --

BONHAM
No -- take word.

DISSOLVE TO:

446 MEXICAN BURIAL PARTY
This is a section off to the side of the Alamo. Burial parties are working. We see many open graves and a long string of white crosses. Cotton lopes his horse through the scene. He has Bonham slung across the saddle before him.

446 CONTINUED:

He does not rush through this area because these people are obviously not dangerous. He is using them as a screen for his dash across the open toward the Alamo. He comes out through the burial parties and now can be seen by the Mexican troops. He sinks spur and makes his run for the Alamo.

447 INT. ALAMO COMPOUND
There is much running about as they see Cotton coming.

448 EXT. PLAIN
449 COTTONS DASH FOR THE ALAMO
450 AS HE RIDES HARD FOR THE GATES, MEXICAN CAVALRY UNITS RACE TO TRY TO CUT HIM OFF. DEFENDERS SET UP A FIRE FROM THE WALLS OF THE ALAMO. OTHERS FLING WIDE THE GATE. FOR A MOMENT IT LOOKS AS THOUGH COTTON HAS MADE IT. BUT JUST OUTSIDE THE GATE HE IS SHOT OUT OF THE SADDLE AND COMES THROUGH THE GATE WITH HIS BOOT HOOKED IN THE STIRRUP, DRAGGING BEHIND THE HORSE. THE GATES ARE SLAMMED BEHIND HIM AND DEFENDERS FIRE DRIVES AWAY THE MEXICANS.

451 INT. ALAMO COMPOUND
As they catch up the horse and disentangle Cotton's body. Others lift Bonham's limp form from the horse and carry it to Travis' quarters. Crockett stands by Cotton as others pick up the body.

CROCKETT
Riding out of Tennessee and this boy loped up on that pinto pony -- Colonel, he says, please take me along -- and I did.

Bowie's voice comes over.

BOWIE (o.s.)
Davy.

Crockett turns and goes in the direction of the voice.

452 ANGLE - ON BOWIE
At the foot of the stairs he has just come down. Crockett walks in to him.

BOWIE
Jim Bonham's not long for this world -- and the news he brought is as sad as death. Fannin tried to get through -- ambushed at a river crossing.

CROCKETT
Bad.

BOWIE
I'm taking my people out. Cut through to the North. Coming?

CROCKETT
Seems the better part of valor, I guess.

Bowie walks off.

DISSOLVE TO:

453 INT. ALAMO COMPOUND
Bowie's contingent and the Tennesseans are geared up and ready to go out. Travis' people man the walls. Dickinson comes out of Travis' quarters and down the stairs. Travis comes out to stand on the balcony. The men in the compound look at him but go about their business of readying for departure. Dickinson goes to the area near the flag pole and then turns to look up at Travis.

TRAVIS
That will do, Captain.

Dickinson takes his scabbarded sword and begins to draw a long line in the dust. The men watch this puzzling performance. When Dickinson has finished all eyes are on him.

TRAVIS
That will do, Captain.

453 CONTINUED:

That causes all eyes to go to Travis.

TRAVIS
Men, Jim Bonham has just died. He brought the news that we can expect no help. Fannin has been ambushed. I stay here with my command but any of you who wish to may leave with all honor. Those who wish to stay with me will step over the line. Failing reinforcement, the Alamo cannot hold. But do not go with heads hung low. No man can criticize your behavior. Here on these ramparts you have bought a priceless ten days of time for Houston. You have bled the enemy army. You are brave and noble soldiers. I have ordered the band, what is left of it, to play you out. May God bless you.

There is silence. Crockett is watching Bowie and all eyes have swung to Bowie. Bowie looks about. He knows the next move is up to him. He swings up into the saddle. All his men mount. The Tennesseans look at Crockett, who shrugs, and mounts. The Tennesseans mount. Bowie starts his horse walking. The decimated band -- maybe five pieces -- begins to play bravely but badly. All the mounted men in the compound move toward the gate. The gate is opened. Bowie pulls up his horse and slides off. He looks neither to right or left as he walks across the compound and crosses the line. Travis swallows hard, as he looks down. Bowie's men sit puzzled for a moment. Then Irish Finn and a few others slide from their horses. The Tennesseans are watching Crockett, who slides from his horse. Slowly, at first in small groups and then in one large mass movement, the entire force crosses the line to stand there looking up at Travis. Travis is so moved he cannot speak. He simply stands at attention and as we look close we see tears in his eyes. All stand just so. It is silent. The bandsmen have stopped playing and just watch. The scene holds and then a lone shell explodes in the Alamo to break the tension. Artillery fire begins steadily, as the men start to their posts. Crockett passes Bowie.

453 CONTINUED:(1)

CROCKETT
You're a tall man, Jim. I don't mean in feet and inches.

BOWIE
I ain't quite as tall as that little pipsqueak up on that balcony.

He goes, leaving Crockett looking up at Travis. Crockett tosses Travis a friendly salute. Artillery fire pours in.

DISSOLVE TO:

454 EXT. PLAIN - NIGHT
Much movement of troops in the dark.

455 ANGLE - ON ALAMO WALL
Defenders line the wall.

456 ANOTHER ANGLE - DEFENDERS
Featuring Gambler.

BEEKEEPER
Why?

GAMBLER
Why not?

BEEKEEPER
I never figured you'd stay. After all the percentages are against getting out.

GAMBLER
Hundred to one -- maybe a thousand.

BEEKEEPER
Well, you're a gambler -- and you live by the percentages.

GAMBLER
That's where people got it all wrong. A real gambler only gets a lift out of winning the long shots. The other kind is merchants.

457 ANGLE - ON WALL
Featuring Bowie, as Jethro, his slave, brings in a mug of something. Bowie takes it.

BOWIE
You should have left here when I gave you your freedom.

JETHRO
Could leave here now. Ain't nobody going to bother a lone old colored man walking across the prairie.

BOWIE
Well?

JETHRO
Well, as soon as I got my freedom I got the right to decide what I'm going to do.

BOWIE
You're an old fool.

JETHRO
Well, Mister Jim, you ain't as old as I am.

Bowie laughs grumpily.

BOWIE
You win.

458 ANGLE - ON DICKINSON AND TRAVIS
As Mrs. Dickinson walks in from behind them.

MRS. DICKINSON
Will.

Both turn to her.

TRAVIS
Yes, Sue.

458 CONTINUED:

MRS. DICKINSON
I'm sorry I was so rude to you on so many occasions.

TRAVIS
Don't worry, Sue. Dick, you're not needed here.

The Dickinsons walk off in the dark.

459 ANGLE - ON DICKINSONS
As they embrace.

MRS. DICKINSON
I stayed from selfishness. I just couldn't face a world without you.

DICKINSON
Hush.

They kiss again as from the darkness outside we hear the jingle of accounterments and the rattle of equipment and the commands of a big army moving into position for:

460 THE FINAL ASSAULT
thru THERE IS A PRODUCTION DEPARTMENT BULLETIN WHICH
560 LISTS ONE HUNDRED SET-UPS FOR THIS SEQUENCE. IT STARTS WHEN THE FIRST RAY OF SUNLIGHT HITS THE MASSED ARRAY OF BAYONETS OF THE INFANTRY AND GOES THROUGH THE PREPARATORY SHOTS OF THE ATTACKERS LINING UP. THIS IS INTERCUT WITH THE FILM OF THE DEFENDERS PREPARING. THE MEXICAN BUGLERS BLOW THE FAMED DEGUELLO -- THE NO-QUARTER CALL -- AND SANTA ANNA LAUNCHES THE FINAL ASSAULT.

HE THROWS FIVE THOUSAND TROOPS AGAINST THE ALAMO AND IN THE END OVER-RUNS IT, BUT AT A FEARFUL COST. DURING THE BATTLE, BOWIE AND A GROUP ARE BLOWN INTO THE AIR AND BOWIE IS CARRIED INTO THE HOSPITAL WITH A SHATTERED LEG. THERE HE IS PROPPED IN A BED AND WAITS, ARMED WITH THE FABULOUS SEVEN-BARRELED GUN. AS THE ATTACKERS BURST IN, HE BLOWS THE FIRST WAVE BACK WITH THE GUN, THEN KILLS MORE WITH A SET

460 thru 560 CONTINUED:

OF PISTOLS AND KNIFES THE LAST MEN, BEFORE HE GOES UNDER.

THERE ARE SHORT DEATH SEQUENCES FOR ALL OF OUR PRINCIPALS AND SUPPORTING PLAYERS. TRAVIS DIES ON THE PARAPET, SABRE IN HAND.

BEEKEEPER AND GAMBLER: IN HARD FIGHTING AT A BREACH IN THE WALL.

CROCKETT: FIGHTING HARD AGAINST A SWARM OF INFANTRYMEN, HE IS OUT OF WEAPONS. HE TURNS AND RUNS AHEAD OF A FLOCK OF TROOPERS. THEY CHASE HIM INTO A STONE BUILDING. HE GRABS A TORCH AS HE RACES INTO THE BUILDING. INSIDE WE SEE THE PURSUING HORDE START TO BACK PEDAL AS THEY SEE WHAT HE INTENDS TO DO. BUT THE PRESS FROM OUTSIDE FORCES MORE AND MORE SOLDIERS INTO THE PILE-UP INSIDE THE DOOR. CROCKETT FLINGS THE TORCH INTO THE STACKED POWDER BARRELS. THE EXPLOSION DWARFS ANY OF THE PREVIOUSLY SEEN EXPLOSIONS.

AS THE ATTACKERS SURGE THROUGH THE HOSPITAL AREA THEY ARE LEAD BY THE HANDSOME MEXICAN LIEUTENANT, WHO LEAD THE PATROLS DEMANDING SURRENDER AND ORDERING OUT THE NON-COMBATANTS. HE JERKS ASIDE A CURTAIN, SABRE RAISED HIGH, TO SEE CROUCHED THERE MRS. DICKINSON, LISA AND THE LITTLE COLORED BOY, HAPPY SAM. THE MEXICAN LOOKS AT THEM AND INSTANTLY LETS THE CURTAIN FALL, SAVING THEIR LIVES AND IN THE NEXT INSTANT MEXICAN BUGLERS AND BLOWING RECALL.

THE ALAMO IS HISTORY.

LONG DISSOLVE TO:

561 HUGE ANGLE - ON ALAMO COMPOUND
The Mexican Army, battered but reformed, is drawn up in parade. A small caravan comes out of the hospital. The Mexican band begins to play. Happy Sam, with a bandaged head, leads a mule. Mrs. Dickinson is on the mule.

561 CONTINUED:

She holds Lisa in her arms. The small shabby group start to pass by.

562 LONG SHOT - THE ALAMO
Ruined.

563 EXT. SANTA ANNA'S COMMAND POST
The good looking young officer who spared Mrs. Dickinson comes up and salutes.

OFFICER
Sir -- the battle of the Mission is won.

Santa Anna takes a long look over the battlefield littered with dead and wreckage. He shrugs.

SANTA ANNA
A few such victories could lose a war.

He sees the Dickinson entourage in the distance. The Officer explains.

OFFICER
The wife of one of the officers -- and her child and servant -- the only survivors.

SANTA ANNA
Offer the lady transportation.

OFFICER
We did, sir -- she refused -- she is very brave, General.

Santa Anna looks a moment. Then he barks an order.

SANTA ANNA
Buglers! Attention!

A half dozen buglers snap to attention and raise their bugles. The call sounds out.

564 ANGLE - ON MRS. DICKINSON AND OTHERS
As the call sounds over, the troops she is passing snap to attention in groups here and there so that it is almost as if she is reviewing the troops. Over scene our big male chorus is heard singing "The Eyes of Texas". We hold on this for quite a while.

565 ANGLE - ON COTTON
As he comes over a rise on his horse and pulls up to stare off. Then he takes his horse down toward Mrs. Dickinson.

566 ANGLE - ON MRS. DICKINSON AND OTHERS
The Alamo and Troops in background. Our chorus still coming over. Cotton rides in. He reaches down and swings the colored boy up behind him. Then he takes the lead rope of Mrs. Dickinson's mule and begins to lead them, coming toward Camera. In background is still the Army and the burning Alamo. The chorus is still heard.

FADE OUT.

THE END